
Keep Your Card in This Pocket

Books will be issued only on presentation of proper library cards.

Unless labeled otherwise, books may be retained for four weeks. Borrowers finding books marked, defaced or mutilated are expected to report same at library desk; otherwise the last borrower will be held responsible for all imperfections discovered.

The card holder is responsible for all books drawn on his card.

Penalty for over-due books 2c a day plus cost of notices.

Lost cards and change of residence must be reported promptly.



PUBLIC LIBRARY
Kansas City, Mo.

Keep Your Card in this Pocket

KANSAS CITY


$$231 + 25 = 256$$

DATE DUE

[illegible]



LIBRARY CITY
Your Saving Tell

NOTES FROM VIENNA AND
PARIS MUSIC STUDIOS

*GATHERED BY "DEAREST"
FROM LETTERS HOME*

OF THE LATE

MRS. NELLY GORE

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1904

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
[PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA]
Published, September, 1904

To the Memory
OF
NELLY GORE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION. By MABEL WAGNALLS	xi
PART ONE	
Letters from Vienna . . .	17
PART TWO	
Letters from Paris . . .	119
APPENDIX	
Piano Exercises . . .	211
Exercises Given by Frau Brée .	213
Lessons Given by Leschetiszki .	217
Technical Exercises . . .	229

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Mrs. Nellie Gore . <i>Frontispiece</i>	
Professor Leschetiszki . . .	44
Professor Moszkowski . . .	164
Grave of Mrs. Nellie Gore . . .	207

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

WITH an "open grave," by strange coincidence casually mentioned in the first letter of this collection, and a closed grave pictured at the end, the imaginative reader can almost see the hand of Fate propelling the pen of the writer. Every word seems to converge toward the tragedy which occurred only two days after the last "Good-by, dear," was written to her aunt by "Your loving Nell," and which was announced in our daily papers by the following head-lines:

AMERICAN LADY SHOT IN PARIS
IN THE APARTMENT OF A RUSSIAN BARYTONE

This seemed to suggest a scandal; but those who followed the particulars of "Mrs. Gore's death," which remained prominent in the papers for more than a week, were gradually convinced that their first surmise was erroneous.

It developed that the "barytone" had been ill for several days, and the lady had presumably called out of sympathy.

"An accidental discharge of a revolver," which had been lying on the table at his bedside, was the

verdict finally accepted by the court, after suicide had been proved impossible.

The Americans in Paris unanimously protested against any aspersions on Mrs. Gore's name, and attested their regard for her by attending her funeral *en masse*—a demonstration of unusual import. Aside from this, it was almost, if not quite, convincing to read a eulogy, in the strongest terms, of her character and disposition indited by her *divorced husband*.

But there was one final fact which, to those who knew, left no shadow of doubt as to Mrs. Gore's purity of life and purpose :

She was studying the piano with Moskowski.

To say that she was a musician would convey little impression, or that she studied singing, or even piano, would not denote much, for there are many phases and degrees of art; but to be working with *Moskowski* meant everything.

The woman who has advanced herself enough as a pianist to be accepted for tuition by a teacher of such rank has no time or strength for anything ignoble. Only an abiding ambition and determined effort along one path could have brought her to such a point in her art.

Read these letters, which were penned with no thought of publication, and you will know how

earnestly she worked, and how deeply she had learned that, as she herself expresses it, "to be a great pianist means absolute self-mastery." Her account of the discouragement and loneliness, which often followed after weeks of nerve-straining work, depicts the experience of countless students in the capitals of Europe to-day. Her life in Vienna, under Leschetizski's régime, and her struggles to master his method, are told with minute and peculiar power.

To the casual reader it might seem that her ambition and efforts were, after all, in vain; but on further thought we realize that it was her ceaseless work and "self-mastery" which, all-unconscious to herself, had made the *impression* on those who met her which so redounded to her credit when her memory was assailed.

With circumstances all against her—no parents to uphold her, alone in Paris, divorced, and, last but not least, of exceeding beauty, dying in a tragic way, the mystery of which will never be fully solved—she was yet saved from condemnation by the earnest purpose which had dominated her life and made itself felt wherever she went. A growing pathos pervades her final letters, in spite their constant theme of "work, work, work."

Startling as a prophecy is the unaccountable de-

pression she describes in her very last letter—her despairing thoughts of death.

“It is the first time I was ever so troubled,” she adds. “All our efforts and endless striving seem so petty and vain.”

Poor Nelly Gore!

Blighted ambition is ever a source of pathetic interest. This accounts for the many visitors to the massive mausoleum of Marie Bashkirtseff, and with equal sentiment they may some day go to the grave of Nelly Gore.

MABEL WAGNALLS

PART ONE
LETTERS FROM VIENNA

“Your Loving Nell”

S. S. “VIGILANCIA,”

September 12, 1900.

DEAREST:—

I wish, first of all, to write you of my trip to Vera Cruz. Oh, how I longed for you to enjoy it with me! And in this way, perhaps you can—a little.

There are two lines connecting Vera Cruz with Mexico City, and along each, I was told, the scenery is equally grand. As I could not well travel on both, I chose the later built.

I left Mexico City at 6 A.M., and, until after reaching Puebla at twelve o'clock, there was little that was new to see—a few mountains and jagged rocks, but mostly level, hot fields of the pulque plant. It is wonderful how much of it is grown, and shocking, too, the amount drunk. They say the soil is too alkali to grow anything else, and it must be true, for everywhere around there there is the same dearth of vegetation. Of course, near the city there are some beautiful spots, but the country at large seems that way.

You would laugh to see the little pears and peaches Mexico affords—not larger than walnuts.

After leaving Puebla, whose elevation is about the same as that of Mexico City, we begin to descend, and the scenery becomes grand in the extreme. Such wonderful mountains and such frightful precipices! They have been very bold in building the road—such sharp curves and such ascents and descents that it frightens one. There are two places on the road where we cross three times—a double loop. The mountains are covered with fine, tall pines and lovely little ferns (which I longed to gather), and all kinds of palm and other trees.

At seven in the evening we reached Jalapa (pronounced Halapa), a beautiful spot, the air balmy and heavy with the perfume of flowers that we saw all about us. We had descended four thousand feet. Jalapa is said to be the most healthful place in North America. No one ever grows old or dies there. However, they have a fine cemetery, which we visited with much interest. They build their cemeteries just like ours; only a grave, I noticed, which they had dug was plastered and whitewashed inside.

Just this side of Jalapa there is the most wonderful vegetation I ever read or dreamed of. It

must be like that which they tell us existed in the first stages of the world. I can not describe it, it is so profuse and luxuriant. There is not a spot not covered thickly with rich green vines and plants and ferns, and, over all, millions of perfect palm varieties, banana-trees, and the most beautiful fern-tree, which they say grows only in that little spot and in New Zealand. It has a slender trunk, perhaps three inches around, and shoots up straight and bare and brown for twenty or twenty-five feet, where fine green fern leaves spring out in all directions, each leaf being about five feet long. They are exquisite.

The trees are all covered with morning-glory vines and wistaria in full bloom, and the track is cut through all this growth (doesn't it seem a pity for man to hack at nature's glory in such a way?), and, in places, the vines have caught the trees on the other side of the track and form an archway for us to pass under.

After that everything seemed tame—from comparison, no doubt.

Vera Cruz is nothing but a miserable seaport town. We had time before sailing, and so visited the penitentiary, situated on a small island half a mile out in the gulf, and a most frightful place. Most of the cells are dark and, built under water,

are damp and vile, they say, tho we were not allowed to enter them.

NEW YORK, *September 22, 1900.*

The last few days at sea were very rough. Even I, who am a good sailor, was (as Dearest always says when suffering from *mal de mer*) "unhappy," and could not add to my steamer letter.

I shall remain here a few days to attend to matters of business, as you know, but expect to be ready to leave somewhere about the first.

Two dear letters from you were here to give me greeting.

What should I do without your letters!

Always your

NELL.

September 30.

I have engaged passage on the *S. S. Friesland*, which leaves for Antwerp on the 3d.

Have sent you two letters since that of the 12th-22d, tho they were awfully little ones. I was so very busy; but Dearest always understands. *She* knows the very heart of me. All the environment from which fate has flung me, alone, into a world I know not is familiar to her as to me. I go to a land of strangers and yet to the home of art! Dearest, it is Destiny!

O art, *my* art! God be thanked that *that* is left me from the ruin and the wreck of much!—that, and your true, true love.

You are not to be anxious, dear. Providence is watching out for me. All my life, you know, I have dreamed of just the opportunities that are now to be mine. I shall make the most of them, you may be sure, if only once again I can get back the strength that seems washed away in the awful storm of tears. Now, Dearest, it is not wise for either of us to shadow our letters with *anything*.

Let us take hold of Hope, and work, work, work to certain ends—you there, and I across the sea. I did not choose this way to success in art, but this way I go, and, somehow, it must be best.

"What we choose may not be good. But that we choose it, proves it good for *us*."

Mrs. Browning is inspiring!

* * * * *

Dearest, you are not to grieve. Think always, "At morning when aweary, or at midnight when afraid," that, wherever she is, your "little girl" is thinking of and loving you.

Keep heart, sweetheart. I send this kind command to you—with kisses blown your way—out of the fulness of my love for you, and I do it for my sake no less than for your own. We shall not be divided. Beyond the touch of hands? Yes. But that is not much, comparatively. How often you used to quote your kind friend in New York—a clergyman as well as editor, if I remember rightly—who once said to you of separations: "They are much to most. But we may be worlds removed from those who sit opposite us at table day after day, year after year, till the limit of earthly life is reached, and we pass to the world that sets this right."

Dearest, often I think of what he said, and wonder if his beautiful life had not its hidden tragedy!

You and I can never be divided.

Always your

NELLY.

S. S. "FRIESLAND," *October 5.*

Yesterday, at the table, the ship's doctor told me that there was a gentleman, Mr. F——, on board who wished to be presented to me. Last evening he introduced us.

He knows some of my friends in Mexico, and I do not feel quite so alone, you see.

I have also become acquainted with Mr. K——, a gentleman who is a botanist employed by the United States government. He has been all over the world, and speaks seven languages. He goes from Antwerp to Nuremberg, which is almost to Vienna, and has kindly offered to take charge of me.

I am greatly relieved. I hoped that Providence would provide a guide for me.

There are some musical people on board, and we play cards—tho you know I am not overfond of that form of diversion. Mr. F—— is teaching me chess. He has been very ill, he tells me, and his hair is white, tho he is a young man. He speaks five languages, one as well as the other. He seems to be a gentleman, is certainly highly educated, and his manner is always kindly courteous.

There are two sweet-faced old ladies on board

of whom I am really fond. Some time I will tell you of them.

Friday.—We are now in the Channel, between England and France. I can not realize it! We reach Antwerp to-morrow afternoon. I shall stay until Monday. Mr. F—— and Mr. K——, the botanist, are friends, and we have all planned to go to church on Sunday morning, and to the opera in the evening.

I am eager to reach Vienna, and to get at my piano work. All, except music, however delightful in the passing, seems apart from my real life, and to be remembered only as incidents or as phases of life, and not life itself.

I wonder if I shall feel lonely in Vienna? Am very thankful Miss W—— is there to meet me.

Saturday.—All is bustle and confusion, preparatory to the landing. The voyage has been a not unpleasant one, and more and more I feel that Providence is taking care of me. I am stronger for the sea winds, and everybody is kind to me. They say I am getting a bit of color in my cheeks. That will please my dearest, I know.

I shall have a letter from you when I reach Vienna.

Lovingly,

NELL.

ACKERGASSE 3, Vienna, *October 19.*

DEAREST—DEAREST:—

I have your letters of the 26th and 28th ult., and I love them so!

Well, I have much to write you. I telegraphed from Antwerp to my friend, Miss W——, here, asking if she knew of a *pension* suitable for me. She answered that she would meet me Thursday evening. I was so relieved. Providence is, indeed, taking care of me!

I arrived night before last. Miss W—— met me, and brought me to this lodging-house. Some friends of Miss W—— live here—a Dr. and Mrs. H——, from Chicago, I think. They are pleasant and kind. They have dinners and suppers served in their room for themselves and four young American doctors. They have invited me also, for which I am very grateful, as it will keep me from being lonely. The whole party goes out to some opera, concert, or something several times a week; so I can go, too.

I have *so much* to tell you!

We reached Antwerp a week ago to-day. Mr. F——'s father and mother met and wept over him. Of course, he went with them, and Mr. K——, the botanist, took me in charge. He

took all my baggage through the custom-house with his, and without opening, as he has a pass from the United States government.

We got in at 9 P.M. and went to a hotel, where I had a hot bath, and then to bed.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Mr. F—— called for me. He brought the most lovely bunch of white chrysanthemums—flowers as big as plates, with stems a yard long. Antwerp is famous for its chocolate candies. He also brought a box of those.

And the Cathedral! Oh, what a marvel it is! Such space! Such wonderful domes and arches! Such stained-glass windows! And two wonderful paintings by Rubens, and one by Van Dyck! And the organ! I never heard such tones. They say it is one of the finest in Europe.

Later we all lunched together. Mr. F—— had said that his mother wished to have the honor of entertaining us at dinner that night. Of course, we both accepted, and after they left me at my hotel I took my beauty nap, wishing to be well rested for the evening.

I must here tell you something of Mr. K——.

He is thirty-two years old, and comes of an old and brainy family. His father and four uncles

are presidents of different colleges. He speaks seven languages, has studied six years abroad, and, of course, is a man of the world, tho he is, first of all, a student, and as innocent as a child. He has known little of the society of women, tho he is perfectly at ease with them, being too earnest and sincere to be otherwise. He is tall and well formed, with a fine, intellectual face. His life-work, he tells me, is botany. He has been sent abroad to try to get hold of a special variety of hops that grows in Germany, but which we have not in the United States. He says he can but feel a certain satisfaction in seeing things he has brought from distant lands growing all over the United States. He has been in every country on earth. He brought, from Egypt, seedless grapes for raisins, an alfalfa that will grow in alkali soil, dates, different trees, and a new kind of celery. He went wild in Nuremberg over some horseradish with tremendous roots.

At 6.30 Mr. F—— sent his carriage for us. We drove to the house, and entered by a marble staircase. A maid removed my wraps, and we were ushered into the drawing-room, where were the father of our *companion de voyage*, a man with a spiritual face and charming manners, and his mother—a great lady, evidently. She has a

young face, surmounted by quantities of gray hair, artistically arranged. There were also their daughter and her husband, and his brother. It was a trying moment for me. They are people of elegance and evident wealth, the home being luxuriantly furnished and full of works of art.

Mrs. F—— at first, I could see, did not half like me, but somehow this knowledge seemed not to embarrass, but rather to put me at ease.

Mr. F—— soon offered me his arm, and we went to the dining-room. I sat at the father's right; his son, Constant, on my right. My host and I conversed in English; his son and I in Spanish; he and his brother-in-law in German; his mother and he spoke French, and Mr. K——, who was simply heroic, talked of every subject in every tongue. We got on famously. I found, much to my satisfaction, that I understood everything said in French. Mrs. F—— speaks no English, but she understands it. I, fortunately, had a pretty gown to wear—a blue-and-white foulard—and I laid myself out to win—and *I did*. The mother soon looked less suspiciously at me, and, I could feel, liked me.

The dinner was exquisite, and beautifully served! The finest linen, glass, and silver. Rare old

wines in dusty bottles, passed around carefully in baskets.

After-dinner coffee was served in the drawing-room.

Later they asked me to play, and they enjoyed it. I saw the father stand at one end of the room and watch me. His son told me the next day that his father had called him to his side, and had said: "What a beautiful woman! I am a married man, but if I were not—!"

Well, I am glad I pleased them all. They sent us back to our hotel in their coupé, and so ended a delightfully informal evening.

Next summer I am to visit there again, by invitation of my hostess. I am glad to have been received so kindly.

On Monday afternoon Mr. K—— and I left Antwerp for Brussels, where we took a Pullman, or, rather, a sleeping-car, and reached Nuremberg at eight the next morning. Such quaint and wonderful architecture! Such peaked roofs of red tiles! I bought a postal card for you, which will give you an idea of it.

Nuremberg is an imperial, fortified city; population, about one hundred thousand. In everything all over the city "he who runs may read" delightful stories of the rich old burgher classes

who belonged to the middle ages. Its city hall ranks among the noblest in Germany, and in it one sees some of the paintings of Albert Dürer—the prince of artists, as his countrymen called him. Poor fellow! You recall how I wept over your reading of his “strange sickness” contracted in Antwerp, and of his eight long years of suffering before he passed away? Somehow I never *could* cry over my own reading of history, but you could break me all up in just about five minutes. And then when I read the same eventful lesson over and over by myself, for the life of me I couldn’t find a thing to cry over!

We visited most of the famous places in Nuremberg, including the old Cathedral, old Roman Tower, full of relics, and the Museum. Mr. K—— and I got on famously together. Before I left—just to show you how kind and thoughtful he is—he brought me a bottle of quinine (“in case you should take cold,” he said), a new lead-pencil, all sharpened, and a dictionary of German and English. I have this moment received a note from him, which I inclose.

I really feel Providence is watching over me. Ever since leaving Mexico, no woman could have been more tenderly and considerately cared for than I have been. Going up in the *Vigilancia*,

Mr. M—— was so good to me! Mr. C—— met me with a carriage, and took me to my old place. From New York here, Mr. F—— and Mr. K——; and now, here, Miss W—— met me, and made all arrangements for my living here, where already I am welcomed as one of the crowd of Dr. and Mrs. H—— and the doctors. I shall work very hard. Is not this a long letter? I hope all is well with you.

Love from

NELL.

WIEN, *October 22.*

Yesterday afternoon Miss W—— invited Mrs. H—— and me to have tea with her. We had a pleasant time, but I felt anxious to get back, feeling sure your letter was awaiting me. I flew up the stairs, and asked my Frau “Ein Brief?” She was as happy as I when she answered, “Yes.” For I had asked the same question about every hour for the last two days. I could not read your dear words fast enough, and now I shall count the days and hours until the next.

Did I tell you how disappointing Miss W——’s experience has been? She has been here over a year, and she studied for two years in Chicago with one of Leschetiszki’s pupils, and, notwithstanding all this, she is still unable to secure lessons from Leschetiszki. It is a poor outlook for me; but I shall remain, anyway, a few months, and see what I may be able to accomplish. I think I shall remain here in this house. I have been negotiating to-day for two rooms in the front. This room is fearfully dark, and so cold; it is now twelve o’clock, and, tho my desk is by a window, I am writing by lamplight. It is dark here nearly all the time; the sun seldom shines. I feel the cold greatly, tho the cold weather is

not here yet, they say. I have always a fire in my tall old German stove. They are about a century behind the times on this side the water in all the comforts of life. There are no bath-rooms in the houses. Other essentials are hidden away in dirty, dark little corners of the house, and are vastly inconvenient. There are no elevators; it seems to me I do nothing but climb stairs. There is not a rocking-chair in all Germany, they say. Even poor old Mexico is away ahead of Austria in many things. I also miss the warmth and sunshine of Mexico. If I go to the front, perhaps the rooms will be more comfortable.

My own landlady furnishes me with coffee and rolls in the morning, and my dinner and supper are taken down-stairs, in Mrs. H——'s room, with herself, her husband, and the young American doctors; they are all kind to me. I am, indeed, fortunate in finding them. It would be awful here alone, hearing this strange tongue on every side.

My poor old landlady's sole aim in life seems to be to keep the fire going in my tall stove and to supply me with hot water. I wonder if she knows that she is living in the midst of so much that is great and beautiful?

So far I have been around very little. I have

been ill since arriving; besides, it has been raining.

Mrs. H—— took me to several churches this morning. St. Stephen's is marvelously beautiful and majestic from the outside, but inside it was so dark we could see nothing. My thoughts flew back to a week ago to-day, when I stood in the lovely Cathedral in Antwerp and heard the sweet tones of the organ. Oh, dearest, that music entered my soul! My eyes filled with tears from deep and sacred thoughts.

The first day after I arrived here was a *triste* one. I felt I *could* not remain. I longed to take the first train away, or to "flee as a bird" back to my native land. Oh, those were bitter hours! But I shall try to be brave, and to work, work, *work!*

Tell Nonksie all my letters are for him, too.

Lovingly,

NELL.

WIEN, *November 1.*

I have your letter of October 1. We are, indeed, far apart. It would be nearer from San Francisco to come around the other way, I think.

The reason my letters are sent in the care of the British Consul is that, having married a British subject, my passport had to be issued by the British Consul in Mexico. The American Ambassador, tho a friend of mine, could not even give me a letter of introduction to the American Minister here. He said it was not in accordance with diplomatic etiquette. I must get it from the English Minister. Anyway, a British subject is sure to be looked after abroad, if anything occurs to make protection necessary. You will recall how, some years ago, a tribe in South Africa did violence to some missionaries. They were badly treated, and to the English government were reported killed. The government ordered troops sent to Africa at once, conquered the offending tribe, and took their country. So much for being subjects of a government that defends its own, or avenges their murderous taking off, as the case may be.

Our own government—for I am a true American—has been thought remiss in such emer-

gencies. Still, we must not forget that, at the time to which I have referred, a score of years ago, we had yet an army to create and a navy to build. These marvels have been since accomplished, and no doubt to-day Uncle Sam would put his weather eye on his own if necessity for prompt action should arrive.

I am about to move into the front of the house. The landlady said that if I would take the rooms she would freshly paper the walls. For the tiny bedroom I chose a pale blue, and for the little sitting-room a rose color. The colors do not look very well, but they are as good as one can expect here. She is now scrubbing the floors, and is going to move the furniture of this room in there.

I am anxious to get to work, and shall get a piano the first of the week. I think I shall be more successful than Miss W——. She takes of one of Leschetiszki's preparatory teachers, and so attends his classes, and hears his pupils and his remarks upon their playing.

I intend to work like a Trojan. Perhaps, not to fail, either, as did the Trojans; at any rate, I shall not be conquered by any ordinary circumstances. I am arranging to have German lessons—it is awful, not speaking a word! Mrs. H——

is very good to me. We go around everywhere together, and she speaks quite well. Living is dearer here than I had thought. My room and board will cost about \$50. My piano will be about \$5. The piano lessons, in the neighborhood of \$20; German, \$10; harmony lessons, about \$10. Then laundry, car fare, concerts, and clothing myself will make me count every penny. From to-day I am going to keep an account, money runs away so. I arrived with less than I had expected to. They do not allow you any baggage over here on the trains. It cost \$20 to get my trunks from Antwerp here.

I will close now, as they have just called me to dinner, and I want to give the letter to one of the doctors to post. I do not want to go out in the rain. Will write again in a few days, and send you some photos.

Lovingly,

NELL.

November 7.

I am now in my two new rooms. Miss W—— came and spent the day, and helped me to settle. I brought a lot of things with me—photos, which we tacked on the wall, some old Spanish fans, a good many books on a little bookcase. On my dressing-table is a drawn-work cover and all my silver toilet articles. The piano is draped with a rich old shawl—rose and black satin. There is a big couch, with some pillows. Over the door we hung a Mexican serape; it makes a good portière. Then there is a tea-table, with all my cups and saucers, tea-cosy, etc., and a cracker-jar. On a polished table is a tall lamp and all my choice bric-à-brac. It is a standing joke here: all the things I brought in my trunks; but I think I was very wise; my room certainly looks cosy and quite “Americanish.”

I am starting my practise to-day, and find my hands in much better condition than I could expect.

I shall so miss dear Mrs. H——. The H——es leave Wien in two weeks. He (Dr. H——) has been taking “courses” here at the hospital. There is nowhere else in the world where doctors have such opportunities of seeing

for themselves. It is a charity hospital, and they average 7,000 patients all the time. They are treated like animals—all in the interest of Science. The students are allowed to handle, and even to operate, on any one. That is why hundreds of American doctors are here.

The other day my landlady sent in a bill about a yard long—room so much, twenty little sticks of wood for lighting my fire, thirty lumps of sugar, and fifty-three “Semels”—these are little rolls she serves with my coffee. I eat them every morning, and have nothing else but one cup of coffee. They call me “Sunshine Semel.” They say I am always good-natured—I suppose I am. I have been through too much ever to be annoyed by little things. Then, too,

“For me Fate gave, whate’er she else denied
A nature sloping to the southern side.”

November 15.

I have a cold. Every one predicted it when I first came here. They say it is always so with a new arrival. It is the first I have had in a long time. The climate here is awful! Rain, rain every day, and MUD!—I never saw anything like it—like brown buckwheat batter, about an inch deep all over the walks; one has always to wear rubbers. Since being here—four weeks—I have seen sunshine twice, and then only for a few hours. I must bear in mind Miss W——’s advice to her friend, Mrs. H——: “Cheer up, Maria, the worst is still to come.” I like Miss W——, but she has worked so hard that she is in an extremely nervous state. Oh, how I shall miss Mrs. H——! I am to begin German lessons to-morrow and take them twice a week. It seems a hopeless task, but I *must* learn to speak a little anyway. I begin piano lessons next week, and also lessons in harmony. I am also to have a young violinist come to play with me twice a week, as I need practise in sight-reading.

Mrs. H—— and I go often to the opera. I like the hours here. Performances begin at seven and are over by ten. The waits between acts are short, excepting the middle one, which is long

enough to allow every one to get up and walk around the spacious corridors, and a beautiful salon, where the ladies show off their fine gowns and the officers ogle every one. I see many beautiful women, but the boasted Austrian officer is not so much !

* * * * *

Dearest, it is a pity you have not a feather bed, so you could learn what true joy is. Just put a sheet over your mattress, sew the bed up in another sheet, and lay it on, and get under it. No blankets, no daintily tufted "comforts," no anything to tuck in ; the feather bed is so narrow that you must lie plumb in the middle, and never turn on your side, nor bend your knees, or you stick out somewhere in the cold night air. The thing has a habit of crawling up and leaving one's feet to freeze ; it also likes to lie on the floor. I was sure I could never sleep so, but what is one to do? One has to have a cover of some kind, and there is nothing else.

I had my picture taken a few days ago. Will send you one as soon as I get them. They are not bad—nor particularly good, either.

This is rather a Bohemian household ; there is a kind of common purse. Some one's check fails to appear at the proper time, and it then becomes the

duty of the person who has money to do the lending. He, in turn, of course becomes short, and borrows of some one else, who also runs short; and so it goes in a circle, until the first man appears some day with a radiant face and pays his debts. Sometimes the checks all appear at about the same time, and then every one is rich, and great is the rejoicing. When every one is broke, the motherly landlady lends right and left and then they all advise her to be careful, or some one will have skipped under cover of darkness some awful night, and she will be left to bewail her trust in foreign humanity.

Just a hundred kisses for my two dears!

Lovingly,

NELL.

WIEN, *November 21.*

I came here to study with Leschetiszki, the world's greatest piano teacher — Paderewski's teacher, and the teacher of the foremost pianists of to-day. You know I studied his method in New York. I am to go to one of his preparatory teachers, and hope to get with him in at least six months. One has really to be an artist before he will receive him, and then he is *terrible*, tho all agree as to his greatness. Every two weeks, beginning in December, he has certain pupils give recitals. He criticizes each one after each piece. The pupils of the preparatory teachers are allowed at the recitals, and benefit by hearing the music, and especially by Leschetiszki's remarks—which are in German. It is an awful ordeal, playing at these evenings. They say the pupils walk the floor all the night before. He is apt to be like a wild lion. It all seems longer work than I had supposed. His pupils never play at the classes until they have been with him two or three years, but then they are ready for any concert stage. All the celebrities come to these recitals, tho only they, and pupils, have the *entrée*. There are more than one hundred students here with his preparatory teacher. I thank God *I* am here!

It is what I have longed for, and, no matter what my life is to be, the piano will always be my consoling friend.

It is now late.

Accept, dearest, love and all good wishes from

NELL.

Oh, I meant to speak of what you say of "love, born of magnetism."

There are different kinds of magnetism. The most potent is not from animal spirits, but from a calm, strong soul. I hope mine—if I have any—is the latter. Certainly all successful people have been magnetic.

N.



VIENNA, *December 1.*

Well, my dear, I have good news for you! I played yesterday for the great and terrible Leschetiszki. Miss S——, a dear Scotch lassie, took me out to call on Madame Leschetiszki, to arrange an audience with *him* for some other day. I was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, for I had no idea of playing for him then. Otherwise I should have worked myself up into several thousand different kinds of fits, and have been unable to play at all.

“The professor is disengaged,” madame said. “Would you like to play for him at once?”

The thought took my breath away, and I stood fully ten seconds before answering—stood like a detached infinitesimal fragment of a glacier. Then I stood up very straight, put on a brave front, and, in as controlled a voice as if playing for Leschetiszki were an every-day occurrence, answered:

“If the master will be kind enough to hear me—yes.”

I was presented to an old man with a full white beard and mild brown eyes (that can change at times and flame with rage). I sat down at an awful piano, and played a Chopin Nocturne, Op. 9,

No. 1. I played one wrong note in the beginning, and then compelled myself into thoughts of the sentiment in the music to be brought out. Altogether it went not badly, and, at the end, the professor positively said "Gut," which, Scottie says, is *great praise*—coming from Leschetiszki. He then made me read some music at sight, which I could do, as it was very simple. He then tested my ear by striking notes at another piano, then made me play scales up and down while he felt my arms. He said I contracted the muscles too much. Madame Leschetiszki acted as interpreter. He asked how long I would stay if he took me. I said: "Two years."

"Shall you then wish to teach or give concerts?"

I said: "The latter."

He looked me straight in the eyes—well, it seemed to me fully an hour—and then said I must begin preparatory lessons at once, take them twice a week, and he would receive me as soon as I could understand and speak enough German for the lessons.

I feel as if I had conquered the world!

I am going to try the Berlitz School of Languages here, and take a lesson every day. I shall also get some one to give me an hour's conversa-

tional lesson once a day. It will be expensive, but I think I can make ends meet. My whole future hangs on learning German. No student should come here without some knowledge, at least, of that language. It is much the cheaper and better way all round to have a fair conversational command of German before leaving home.

Two piano lessons a week will be more than I expected. I think I will not bother about harmony, tho I really should. I shall have to begin again at the beginning—every one does. But having learned so much in New York, under Miss Miller, it will go quickly.

Frau Brée, Leschetiszki's best preparatory teacher here, will now, no doubt, receive me.

* * * * *

Dr. S—— took me to hear Mozart's "Magic Flute." It is a beautiful opera. The concert by D'Albert last night was magnificent. Oh, I never heard such piano-playing! He certainly deserves his reputation of being the foremost pianist in the world. They say he is a natural son of Rubenstein. These pianists are great people! A few years ago D'Albert married Teresa Careno, a celebrated pianist also. She told a pupil of hers that she was "heavenly happy" with D'Albert, and thought at last (it was her third marriage)

that she had found a truly congenial companion with whom to spend the rest of her days. But one morning, after a year and a half of bliss, he said, leaning over the breakfast-table: "Teresa, I am awfully tired of you." So they got a divorce, and thus ended that chapter. D'Albert is now married to some one else.

Last night I went with Mr. K——, who has been in Vienna for a week, and Dr. S—— to a concert given by Kubelik, a Hungarian boy violinist. He is to be another Paganini, they say. I heard him in his first concert here, a couple of weeks ago, but he played much better last night. He no doubt was nervous the first time, and he could well be. The Vienesie audience is the most critical in the world, and its verdict makes or mars an artist's reputation.

At the end of the evening the people went wild. I have read of such enthusiasm, but I never saw it before. They shrieked and roared, and crowded on the stage and in front of the house, and simply would not go. It was a great ovation, and more wonderful when one remembers that Kubelik is a Hungarian and that the Austrians hate the Hungarians.

How I am enjoying this music! It is an education in itself. I have done very little practis-

ing, but my playing certainly is improving. It is the atmosphere, I suppose.

To-night we go to hear "The Prophet," by Meyerbeer.

We are having a big snow-storm, but we are going to the opera all the same. Mr. K—— is a most delightful man to be with. He has visited every corner of the world, and is full of interesting talk of people and places. But, more than all, he is a gentleman.

NELL.

VIENNA, *December 8.*

DEAREST:—

You will be happiest of all in knowing that my health is better than it has been for years. Of course, without health I could not hope to succeed.

I thank you for your kind letter and for your thoughtful advice. All the points you touch upon have received my serious attention from the first, and now that you also think of them proves that we can look at things in much the same light.

I am thinking of you so much! And, dearest, I find that you were oftener right than I in conversations on things and people. I have come round to your way of thinking in more ways than one, and I should have been sorry if you and I had not looked in the same light upon matters referred to, because, in the end, I must do what seems to me right and wise. People who live a normal, ordinary life can not judge one justly whose life is full of strange happenings; and, as a rule, the one to judge the most severely would, if placed in the same circumstances, go all to pieces, and either make a fool of himself or worse. It is my intention to settle down to hard work for two years, and at the end of that time to do what seems best.

I wish I could send you some papers or something, but I myself feel as if I were on a desert island. I have not seen a newspaper since arriving. Am going to subscribe for the *Paris Herald*, so as to know something of what goes on in the world. The *Overland Magazine* has not yet come. I shall love it because it is from you.

* * * * *

Miss W—— and I are going to the opera this evening, if she is able to secure seats. All seats are reserved until noon of the day of the performance for the regular subscribers.

Miss W—— is an American. I met her first in Chicago.

No, it is not usually dark here at midday. It was foggy when I wrote. It gets dark at 4.30 P.M. So far it is not very cold, and not much snow. But *rain*? Well, some!

Yes, every one tries to cheat me! Miss S——, the dear little Scotch lassie, fought a battle with my landlady for me. Scottie speaks perfect German. The old woman overcharged me for coal, petroleum, coffee, butter, bread, etc. Now she is reformed. You see, I am answering *some* of your questions.

Oh! It cost me from New York to Antwerp \$75, and from Antwerp to Vienna about \$40, ex-

clusive of freight for trunks. It is ten hours by train from Nuremberg to Vienna.

* * * * *

I now take my dinners at a pension not far away from where Miss S—— dines. There are about twenty at table—doctors and students. Only German is spoken. They are all pleasant. I climb three flights of stairs, but my breakfast is served in my room, and I make a cup of tea for supper on an alcohol lamp.

On Friday Miss S—— took me to Frau Brée, a preparatory teacher here, and the one to whom Leschetiszki had recommended me. After hearing me play, she accepted me as a pupil. It is a compliment, as she only takes a few especially talented. I have my first lesson next Friday at “cinq heures et demie.” She speaks only French and German. I shall be so glad to get to work!

Mr. K—— is gone. He is a great soul. We are good friends. He is gone back to Bohemia to get ten thousand more hop cuttings. He goes next to Egypt. He took me about a good deal to art galleries, operas, concerts, etc.

Fondly, your

NELL.

January 21.

How good it is to be seriously at work again ! I never lose sight of my one great ambition—to be a *good*, BETTER, BEST pianist. *Among* the best, I mean.

I am getting on well with my German, but to me the language sounds less musical when spoken, even by those “to the manner born,” than does the Spanish or the French. I like Spanish, and speak it very well ; but to be one of the best of French scholars is also one of my ambitions. I wonder if you recall compelling me to go without certain articles of food at our *petit dejeuners à deux* if I failed to ask for them in French ? It was fine discipline, as was much else along different lines that I thought severe in those days. But long ago I learned to appreciate and to thank you for it all. And I know now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that *Dearest always knew best*. When one is very young one is also very wise, in one’s own esteem, and disillusionizing processes are sometimes severe. But from such, I think, come truest, or, rather, worthiest ambitions. What I now wish most of all—the piano part of my ambition—is likely to be accomplished, since it is a passion with me and I have golden opportunities. There

is *nothing* I would not give up for it. With all my enthusiasm I try also to be, what is necessary at present, very dry and practical. Hour after hour, day after day, I do nothing but technique. I am forbidden to play any of my old things, but once in a while I disobey and do try them, just to see how all the technical work effects them. The improvement is already *very* noticeable—no false notes. My touch is more delicate and my crescendos much broader. That is, you know, one great difference between an amateur and an artist—in the light and shade, I mean. It is like this:

AMATEUR

Pianissimo—————*Fortissimo*

ARTIST

Pianissimo—————*Fortissimo*

A poor pianist can play neither loud nor soft. It is all done with the wrist. In *pianissimo* the wrist is *slightly* elevated, so that the hand touches like a feather on the keys, while for loud playing the wrist is depressed.

I have learned much in the last month about *how* to practise. All my life when I have been at the piano my mind has often wandered in a sort of reverie. No teacher ever told me that I must

not do it. Frau Brée, my teacher here, says two-thirds of the technique is in the head, that only one-third is physical. I did not believe her at first, for, I argued, it was the same brain controlling both right and left hand, and the right was much the better. But I set my brain to work on the left hand, and really it is wonderful how it has improved. They expect the two hands to be equal over here. All the different Czerny studies, only written for the right hand, they require with the left hand also, an octave lower. A left-hand trill must be as perfect as a right-hand trill. My left hand is not far behind now. I try so hard to concentrate my thought. I am making it a practise to leave the piano for a couple of minutes the instant my mind wanders. Frau Brée says that is the only way to overcome it. She says that, as a rule, it takes her pupils a year to learn how to practise. She also says that most people—even those of her pupils who think they do good work—spend four hours a day at the piano, having wasted three. I realize so deeply the importance of what she says that I think I shall soon overcome the difficulty.

The days seem to fly away. They only seem about five minutes long. I, of course, study my German every day. I *must*, since it is the ladder

up which I climb to Leschetiszki ! What an *awful* language it is ! Every object having a gender (as the Spanish and French), and every gender having four cases and four different sets of articles. Ugh ! it's like taking a bad medicine that one may gain health. There is a set of four for the masculine, four for the feminine, and four for the plural. But I am forgetting that you know all this. It all seems queer and inconsistent to me (as no doubt it does to all beginners), but somehow I rather enjoy pegging away at it. This is a letter very full of "I," but you like to know all. By the way, how egotistical we Anglo-Saxons are, always writing "I" and "God" with capital letters. All other nations are more modest. In Spanish, "yo"; in French, "je"; in German, "ich"; and they write "you" with a capital letter, "Ihr," which is quite polite.

Always, with a world of love,

NELL.

* * * * *

VIENNA, *February 1.*

I am surely getting on very well. Am just in from my lesson. My teacher encouraged me by saying I have made great progress for so brief a time of study, and I can see it myself. I feel sure of becoming an artist. Everything is in my favor, excepting my age. When I look about here and see a dozen wonderful pianists anywhere from twelve to twenty, it is a little discouraging. There is a Russian girl here only twelve years old, and already she is an artist. Just think, if I could have had these opportunities twenty years ago! But I have fine hands and arms (I can say this to Dearest), a brain that sometimes I can feel stirring around inside of my head, plenty of musical feeling, and a devotion to hard work. So if I do my best now, it is all I can do. I am unable to annihilate the years between me and early youth.

Frau Brée gives me plenty of work to do, and that is what I most desire. This last week I had a Czerny study and a waltz, by Schutt, to learn. By *learn* I mean every note transferred, as it were, from the printed page to my brain. They require you to practise, and play at the lessons everything without the music. That I can easily do, thanks to dear old Professor Hartmann, who, tho always

kind to me, was invariably strict—so much so that I, for one, received his suggestions as commands, and at my lessons played, almost always, without my music. And always since, in all my practising, I have memorized everything I played. That habit is a great saving of time over here.

As I said, Frau Brée gives me a lot of work to do, which suits me well, since I am here to work.

First you are supposed to sit down quietly and read the music mentally, then go to the piano and play it. They test you to see if you have really learned it that way, or if it is only “finger-memory,” by stopping you in the middle of a phrase and requiring you to name all the notes in the coming bars. As you can see, the brain *has* to be used. I am improving in concentration. I know my lesson to-day. For this next week I have another Czerny study and a beautiful *Étude* by Schutt—besides, of course, the regular technique work.

I received such a dear letter to-day from my friend, Mrs. W——, of Mexico. I enclose it. She is a charming woman, comes of a wealthy and aristocratic English family, and her daughter, of whom she speaks, was a great society woman—presented to the Queen, etc. Dr. W—— is a thorough gentleman, but he is now old for his

medical profession and his fortune is not large. He was always wrapped up in art, and when he had patients he would never send in a bill. In England and Europe they are very shy about that sort of thing. For instance, I have to put my money for my lesson in an envelope and hide it somewhere under some music on the piano.

* * * * *

February 3.

DEAREST:—

I am more than ever convinced that Leschetizski's method is the shortest and surest way to the art of piano-playing. I have written out some exercises for you—the ones they give in the first lesson.* It is well-nigh impossible to explain by letter how to do them. But if you work faithfully, each day a little, on holding down four notes and striking one finger repeatedly, sometimes slow and then fast, you will begin to gain. The great tendency is to stiffen the wrists, and this is the most important thing in all piano-playing *not to do*. While working on these exercises, at intervals raise and depress your wrist, just to see if it is loose. Get some one to sit by you and touch your wrist when you are not expecting it, to see if it goes down. It should be perfectly flexible, and go down under the slightest touch. The fingers must be well curved and as firm as steel, while the arms and wrists must be like india-rubber. I can not express this too forcibly! As soon as the muscles in the arms or wrists tighten up, it acts just like a brake on a wheel. It is true there are times when the wrist must be firm,

* See Appendix.

but only for an instant, to make certain effects on “nuances.” After you can raise each finger high and with freedom (holding the others down), and strike with a round, full tone any two notes desired, there are many exercises for the perfection of the scale, the great difficulty in which is getting, or having, the thumb under the hand.

Here is another exercise to be practised every morning of your life! Hold down 2d, 3d, 4th fingers as before, only instead of putting the thumb down where it naturally goes, put it under the hand, holding down the note next above the 4th finger. Especially limbering is a trill between the 4th and thumb. Do not practise it too much at first; it will lame your hand. Work as much with the left hand as with the right. To be a good pianist one’s hands must be equal. I am not a good pianist yet, but my hands are about equal now. After this take three notes, not holding down any. Take

<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>
3	1	2

Play the notes back and forth, at first very slowly, keeping all the fingers near the keys. The hand must move back and forth, or, rather, the arm, tho the motion is very slight. This, as you see, is a part of the scale. Afterward take it 4 1 2.

In order to test yourself occasionally, take it *B C D* in the natural order of the fingers. It must be just as smooth with the 4th finger over as with 1 2 3. Later, gradually increase the speed. After a while you will find it going like lightning and with perfect ease, and your scale will be just that much improved. After that play the first notes:

<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>C</i>
1	2	3	4	1, or
1	2	3	1	2

Occasionally play with the regular fingering. It will come, little by little. These are the exercises which have done me so much good. There are more in the scales and arpeggios which, if you find these of any help, I will explain to you. But these are plenty for the present.

Be careful, or you will lame yourself—only a few minutes at a time. There is much I can tell you about things in general—the pedal, how to play a melody, etc. In everything you play, *hunt for the melody*. In chords, as a rule, it is in the top note. The little finger must be trained to take it, and make it sing above all the other notes.

Many things are impossible to explain in writing, but perhaps you may gain some ideas from these hints.

It all means hard work ; the uprooting of vain,
anxious thought ; calmness ; concentration ; living
in the spirit ; loving the silence, which is

“ More musical than any song,”

and the recognition, in all that is, of the

“ Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Oh, dearest, it means so much—*so* much !

Pour le present, au revoir !

NELL.

VIENNA, *February* 12.

MY DEAREST :—

Tho my last lesson was not altogether as good as I had expected it to be, I certainly am making progress. I had worked hard on a difficult new study ; had it all memorized, and played it almost up to time—in fact, was quite proud of myself. But Frau Brée wished many little things different, and said I must work slower. It only goes to show my real need of a good teacher. I do not mean there were any wrong notes or anything careless about it, but she showed me different ways of using my hands to bring out different effects. I am very happy to have, at last, some one to teach me the right way.

Oh, dearest, music is so much to me ! All my life it has been that, of course, and I am not able to express in words just the feeling of my heart, even to you. But day by day and more and more I seem to be borne, on the wonderful wings of melody, farther and farther away from the old unrest and into an atmosphere perfect and divine. My soul—*myself*—seems to have arisen, like a flower from among ruins, into a dawn behind which the sun is. I am a new being, in a new world—music, a fountain—nay, an unfailing *well*

from which I draw the waters of healing and delight. Oh, it is all so new, so sweet, so dear!

I begin to understand, as never before, some things you tried to teach me. For instance, do you remember how, one morning, when I was practising my vocal lesson, you flew down the stairs and up beside me, crying, "Nelly, Nelly, wait a minute!" I was frightened, for you had come like a spirit, and your face was white, and your eyes were wide, wild things that hurt me—hurt me. I think I shivered a little, for you put your arms around me and said, very softly :

"Do you see the picture in the song, my dear? Do you feel its pathos and its power?"

It was that old, old song :

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!"

And I answered that I had not given a thought to the words, but only to the melody. And that if there were indeed a picture in the song, I certainly had not found it. I was sorry, but it was true.

"Listen," you said. "You must see, and you must *feel* the work you do, or you are going to fail in your chosen career and be commonplace,

like most. Listen—with soul, not sense—while I read to you the song; while I show you, if I can, the picture that it brings to me, and the sorrow of the singer.”

What followed I can not write. I remember that, looking at your lips that held no color, and your eyes, from which great tragedies came beating their hitherto blind meanings into my quickening mind, I saw nothing but a great waste of water, rushing in anger to hurl itself against unyielding rocks; its white spray, dashed aloft, flinging itself impotently heavenward—heard nothing but a cry that must have pierced the very heart of Paradise:

“Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

And in that never-to-be-forgotten hour, dearest, dearest, I found my soul—or my soul found me! Something, some *One* (?) seemed revealing to my new-born self a little of the meaning of the message, the purpose in the pain. And, oh, and

“Oh, and deeper through the calm
Rolled the ceaseless ocean psalm;
Oh, and brighter in the sunshine
All the meadows stretched away;

“ And a little lark sang clear
From the willow branches near,
And the glory and the gladness
Closed about me where I lay.

“ And I said : ‘ Ay, verily
Waiteth yet the Master Key,
All these mysteries that shall open,
Tho to surer hand than mine ;

“ All these doubts of our discerning,
To the peace of knowledge turning,
All our darkness, that is human,
To the light, which is divine.’ ”

“ With my heart on my lips ” I kissed you—
and—I *kiss*.

Your

NELL.

VIENNA, *February 20.*

MY DEAREST :—

I have your two dear letters of the 29th and 1st. Thanks, so many, for them, and also for the papers. I enjoy them and they rest me.

I am inclined to be indignant over “I wonder if you find time for practise?” Well, I should think I do! That is what I am here for. And I appreciate the fact that my opportunities are passing, never to return. True, I left off work during the holidays; but, aside from that, I have never missed a day of at least four or five hours’ practise. That is something I allow *nothing* to interfere with. I keep my mind on my work, too. And every night I seriously ask myself, “Have I accomplished as much as was possible to-day?” And if I feel I might have done a little better it distresses me, and I try harder the next day.

My work shows, too. From week to week I can see improvement. I enclose an interesting letter from a lady whom I met going down from New York to Mexico last June. She has the most wonderful memory of any one I ever knew, except dear Nonksie. We all used to sit out on

the deck while she would repeat, hours at a time, poetry and stories from every well-known writer. And by a strange coincidence, when I returned in September, who should get on the steamer at Vera Cruz but Mrs. F——, all in white duck, just as she had been when she got off there four months before. She was greatly surprised to see me. Her fad is beautiful books, and she and some of her friends away off there in the wilderness spend their evenings in printing, by hand, on parchment, some of their pet volumes. You may have read of the Roycrofters in New York. They make beautiful books printed on the heaviest linen paper, and they bind them in chamois, or heavy satin, or tortoise shell. Each capital is illuminated by hand. They are works of art. Mrs. F—— was talking to me about these books, and when I sailed from New York for Antwerp she came down to see me off, and left with me a package, saying: "It is something for you to read going over." Later I found it was one of those beautiful books, and you can imagine my delight. It is Charles Lamb's *Essays*, bound in a lovely shade of green chamois. Was she not kind to me? Everybody is.

A letter just now from Mr. M——. The poor old *Vigilancia* is on the reefs just off the Cuban coast. The captain was stricken with paralysis, and the first officer took charge, landing her in short order on the rocks, where she will be forever. It was at 2 A.M. Mr. M—— writes: "She took the rocks like a horse leaping a hurdle. The women were much braver than the men." (Quite *entre nous*, dearest, we think that, in emergencies, they usually are.) Oh, it must have been awful! Then a terrible storm arose, and they all thought the end had come. Poor Mr. M——! I hope he is off before now.

Yes, dearest, you are right; and I, too, say that *real* love—the love that lives—is friendship, respect, and everything that is exalted and exalting. Speaking of men, I never see any here except at the boarding-house, and they are all doctors. I can not endure doctors, they are so horribly material in all their views. Who knows but I shall forget how to conduct myself in the presence of God's greatest masterpiece?

Who was it said, "Man is the work of an untrained Hand; woman the last production of the Master"?

* * * * *

22*d.*—It is just eight o'clock, and I am but a short time back from my lesson. Frau Brée is an angel. I never dreamed of what piano teaching could be until now. I adore her—in fact, we all do. I suppose I shall be going to the “terrible Lesche” pretty soon.

I had an interesting lesson to-day. Have been studying a little waltz by Schutt, a Wien composer. Frau Brée told me to play it more coquettishly. I replied it was not my nature. So, you see, that is a faculty I must cultivate.

Dearest, I am so homesick for you to-night! All the way home from my lesson I longed for you. I rushed into my room and made a bright fire, lit the two lamps (I always light two if I am blue, and one otherwise), and set my little tea-kettle to singing cheerily, and, notwithstanding all that, I still feel like a big baby wanting to be comforted.

* * * * *

No, I have not seen anything of the carnival here, and have not been to any ball. But I did go to a wedding. Miss H—— was married in the Polish church, away at the other side of the town. I was invited for two o'clock; but the horses in the carriage I took happened to be very

fast, so I arrived about twenty minutes before the time. I dismissed the coach, thinking to go inside the church ; but it was all shut up, and I waited in the snow until, just at two, the wedding party drove up. We all entered by a little door at the rear of the church. There were Mr. and Mrs. H——, two friends of the groom, Count Baoroszki, the King's chamberlain, and his brother, the American Ambassador and his wife, and myself. The church was not heated. The bride was all in white satin, and the mother was beautifully gowned, ditto the Ambassador's wife. So we all laid aside our wraps—out of the loving kindness of our hearts—in order to give each other and the shivering men a treat in gazing upon our finery. Never shall I forget the glacial, arctic atmosphere of that church ! The seemingly endless ceremony was at last ended, and another man and another woman had clasped hands to go forth in the world together and face—what ? God only knows. I came home and wept, and could do no more work. I think weddings are the most pathetic scenes one can witness. One can feel peaceful at a funeral, knowing the poor wretch is out of it all. But a *wedding* ! Perhaps you will think it a pity I have not three lamps burning in my room ! My dear, I want you to take me in

your arms, I am so lonely. Perhaps I am tired. I will go to bed, and in the morning work, work, *work!* I have a German lesson at twelve, and have not studied it yet.

Good-night. Pleasant dreams.

Lovingly,

NELLY.

March 1.

This is Friday, my lesson day, and I have just finished one hour's practise. I will write you a few words, and then do another hour and a half before dinner. I feel that I have not accomplished as much this last week as I should, tho I have tried hard to do my best. Somehow my poor old brains seemed to be in a kind of a fog. I have, however, memorized a Czerny study and a Scherzo, by Mendelssohn, and made some improvement in a technical way, but I expect and require of myself over here about ten times as much as I used as a girl.

Yes, I mean my mind wanders as in a dream when I practise, but more especially when I play things. I go off into a kind of a *state*. Music effects me as, I suppose, an opium pipe does the smoker. I always seem to play better the more I lose myself. But, over here, music means something very different. It is an actual science instead of a poetical revery. They say this: that if one is in an inspired mood, one would play a given phrase in such and such a way that would touch the heart of any listener. They have discovered the laws governing the true art of expression, and they teach you to play that same phrase

in a feeling way—not from the heart, but from the head. In that way, as they say, one always plays well; one's mood makes no difference.

Oh, I am not alone in not being able to concentrate my mind. Every pupil has the same trouble. Frau Brée told me that, out of one hundred pupils, there were one hundred who did not practise properly, and that when one had learned to do so, one was already an artist. She told me of the awful struggle she had in learning how to keep her mind from wandering. It was one summer when she was off in the quiet country that at last she was victorious. At first she would perhaps be only able to sit five minutes at the piano, playing scales, when some outside thought would pop into her head. She would then leave the piano, and go back after a while and try again. Finally she got so she could work an hour at a time. They expect you to be dead to the world and all going on about you while you are practising.

To test one of his pupils who was playing at the class one night, Lesche came up and dropped a big book on the floor behind her. It startled her, and she gave a jump; Leschetiszki was furious. He said if her mind had been on her playing she would not have heard the book.

I did not mean it was "egotism" which made us write the name "God" with a capital letter, but egotism writing "I" with a capital—placing ourselves, as it were, on the same level.

Thank Uncle for his bit of a letter. I could read it quite well. There is no reason why the left hand should not write as well as the right—"practise makes perfect." It is the same way in my piano work. My left hand used to be a perfect stick, but now it is almost as good as the right.

Good-night, dear. With best love to you each,
Always affectionately,

NELL.

WIEN, *March 11.*

I am hard at work. I can see good results.

“Scotland” (Miss S——) and I had a discussion the other day about modesty. She “*did* like to see a person modest about what he could do.” I said *I* liked to see a person have a correct estimate of his own attainments. If one really did something well he must be conscious of it. And it seemed to me mere affectation and idiocy for such a one to deny his ability. We were discussing particularly Lesche’s best pupil, B—— J——, whom Scottie admires because “she seems so modest.” What I claimed most vehemently—and I think I almost convinced “Scotland”—is, that if B—— J—— is really as modest as she seems, she must think she does not play at all. And so, when Scottie compliments her next time upon her playing, if J—— is conscientious she will reply: “You are either a hypocrite or a fool.” That is the way “modest” people must talk unless *they* are hypocrites.

I heard one of the best pupils at Miss W——’s the other day. She has very slender hands and arms, and yet I never heard any man with more strength. She said a doctor explained it to her this way: “There is a man with long legs who

wants to jump a ditch. He tries, and falls in. A man with short legs tries, and he is successful. The reason is not in the legs, but in the brains. The short-legged man used a nervous force which carried him over."

That illustrates exactly the Leschetiszki school of technique—they teach every pupil to develop that nervous force. That is why they go so far. There is something really strange in that quality of force which Leschetiszki brings out in every pupil. It is not to be found in any other pianist's. That is why a Leschetiszki pupil can never be mistaken. I do not mean they *bang*. On the contrary, the heaviest chords are struck with the hands resting on the keys. I am getting it. My playing has changed altogether in these last three months, and I have the faculty of picking things up quickly. My teacher has never to tell me a thing twice. But I am an idiot in some ways. I can not read at all well—I even read print slowly. My eyes and my brain do not seem to pull together, except they pull your way, and then, as now, they carry my heart along.

With kisses, your

NELL.

March 26.

A week ago I thought spring was here, but yesterday when I awoke I saw the roof opposite was white with snow. To-day it snows and blows, and is disagreeable to even consider. So I am going to inflict a long letter upon you, dearest, and tell you a lot of things. Yes, indeed, I am thankful to be here, and yet I get awfully discouraged sometimes. But all the students over here have blue days. So much is expected of one. The only thing that I have learned perfectly is that I shall have to live "more lives yet" before I compass "the ends I aim at."

* * * * *

But I must tell you something of the method here. In the first place, Leschetiszki has a corps of assistants, and all the students are under these "preparatory teachers." They teach one Lesche's own peculiar technique, and also Czerny studies and pieces. When one knows a set of pieces thoroughly, and could play them while asleep or standing on his head, or from the end to the beginning, he may go and play them before the great master, who will ask: "Why don't you scrub floors for a living?" Really he is *awful*!

—at least, so all who have been to him say. Of course, he was exceedingly kind to me when I played for him; but they say he always is so before you become his pupil, because he does not expect you to know anything until then.

My friend, Miss V—— (the only person I knew coming here), has been here two years, and she has not had a lesson with him, tho, as she says, she has “worked like a dog”; and that means something in this country, where one sees, all about the streets, dogs hitched to little wagons and pulling away like little horses. And they always look so willing and enthusiastic, with smiles on their faces.

Even after one has been here several years, and is having regular lessons with Lesche’ (he never gives any one a lesson oftener than once in two weeks), one still always keeps on with the “preparatory teachers.” What *wonderful* teachers they are! I thought I knew a little something of a piano when I came here, but I did not.

In the first place, there is his technique. He has thought out exercises by which one may learn to overcome every possible difficulty. But the thing they preach most of all is *concentration*. It is something I (and others say the same) never thought of. All my life, while I have been prac-

tising, my mind wandered here and there. That is a terrible fault, and hard to overcome. Ten minutes' work with the mind fixed on some particular aim is better than an hour of mere mechanical work. This is what they require: One is given a new piece. One goes over it, with the teacher, marking the fingering and the pedaling. When commencing work on it, one carefully looks at the notes of the right hand for, usually, four measures. The page is then closed, and one plays it over once, with all the shading, and then one, still without looking, says the notes aloud, as if reading them, then plays it again. Then one opens the music, going through the same performance with the left hand, using the pedal exactly as marked by the teacher. One learns the whole piece, measure by measure, in that way, with all the expression and pedaling, with but one hand at a time. They wish you to do more thinking than playing. One must go through things again and again, note by note. My great time for mind-training is in the morning before I am up. Leschetiszki tests his pupils on that. He will suddenly ask in the lesson for, say, the twentieth measure of something—anything. One must then quickly think up to the twentieth and play it. If one fails, he gets furious, and says: "So

Americanish!” (unutterable scorn). He always speaks German, and that is another difficulty.

One learns everything in this way of which I speak—Czerny studies, and all. One never uses the music with the lessons, even with the preparatory teachers. When playing, the mind must always be on the measure ahead. One sees it, or should, mentally, as on the printed page. My poor old brain! It tries hard, and I will do it the justice to say it is a little better under control than at first.

I have had about six Czerny studies and two things by a Viennese composer, a friend of Lesche’s (Schutt), a Waltz and Étude Mignonne; an Impromptu, by Schubert; a Scherzo, by Mendelssohn, and a Chopin Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 2.

My teacher says I am well up now in my German, and may go for a lesson soon with Leschetizski. But I am frightened! I am afraid, if he growled at me, I might not be able to tell him the forty-ninth measure! The pupils meet at his house every two weeks, and his best pupils (those having been here from five to ten years) play. It is very enjoyable as well as instructive. Of course, all musical people are interested in each other, and there seems to be a finer spirit of comradeship here, and less of that meanest of all feelings—

jealousy—than in our musical circles at home. Every one seems trying *so* hard for success, and each sympathizes with the other when the blue days come—as come they will to all.

There are about one hundred and fifty students here. The preparatory teachers charge \$2.50 a lesson, and Leschetiszki, \$8.00.

With love,

NELLY.

April 1.

We are just back from Schönbrun, a suburb of Wien, where the King has his summer palace. There are beautiful woods and walks all about, and while as yet the trees are not in leaf, the first little tender green plants are carpeting the ground. The sun—it seems to me the first *real* sun this winter—was warm, the birds were busy building their nests, and calling to each other from branch to branch. We found two little wild flowers. My poor feet begin to feel quite abused with so much tramping about, but the fresh air does me good.

We have been several times to the opera, and to a concert, and to the theater to see "Faust." Of course, I could not understand all the beautiful words which are so celebrated, but I had read it in English. It was marvelously staged. The cast was of celebrated actors, and the entire evening something to be remembered all one's life. The play was very long—from 7 until 11.30. As a rule, the performances—opera, concerts, etc.—are over here before ten o'clock. That is to allow you to get into your house without paying; for if one is out after ten o'clock the doors are closed,

and one has to ring and pay the porter twenty hellers (about five cents) for getting in.

* * * * *

I wonder where your missing papers went? I sometimes fancy things hide themselves just to lie in some quiet corner and watch us rush about and hunt them.

I am well. The fresh air I had in going about did me good. I shall be able to work all the harder.

Always your

NELL.

P. S.—I enclose some exercises.* Don't work too long at one sitting. N.

* * * * *

* See Appendix.

April 9.

MY OWN DEAR:—

It was sweet of you to write me such a kind, encouraging letter—so filled, too, with sensible advice. I really do not know how I could get along even *ten* days without a letter from you. And I wished to answer this one the very hour it came; but some ship acquaintances were here in town, and all my spare time was taken up in going about with them. Now they are gone, and I am going to write you a long, long letter, and tell you *everything*. Now, listen.

I copy some good words of counsel received this morning from Mr. Elmhurst: “I am surprised to hear you have not taken a lesson from Leschetiszki as yet. Perhaps he wishes to save himself all trouble and teach only finished artists. That you feel discouraged at times I do not doubt, and, knowing your ambitious and exacting nature, I fully comprehend. ‘Art is long and life is brief,’ said the ancients, who knew a thing or two, and, what is more, knew how to say it. But your discouragements are only signs of your advancement: they mean that you have come to more difficult passages; and you must know that in a fortified citadel the strongest and most difficult

intrenchments are nearest the ramparts, and that once the attacking party has taken those, the gates of the invested city are in full view. So, then, you are getting nearer the goal, and every time you get over a discouragement it means you have franchised an intrenchment and are on the high road to victory.

“So, ‘Concentration’ is the watchword of the conquering legion, eh? Yes, that is a very good word. But I will give you another which will act as a magic ‘open sesame’ when you get past the *technical* barrier, and will throw open to you the gates of the fortress. That word is ‘Soul!’ ‘Soul!’ ‘Soul!’

“Believe me, all the years of hard work, all the mastery of technique, all the lessons of Leschet-izski, will stand for naught unless you put your whole *soul* into your playing. Technique is only a means to an end. The end is ‘feeling,’ and feeling can not be taught; it springs from the soul. Technique will enable you to express your feeling with correctness; but unless you have some feeling to express, technique will be to you—well, like the perforated rolls that are used in playing the pianola, where the most difficult passages are interpreted with mathematical accuracy.

“So, then, do not sacrifice everything to tech-

nique—a mistake which is general among virtuosi. Technique is mechanism; art is not. But, of course, you know all this. If I said it, it is only a reminder. I can not forget that the first time I heard you play you sent a thrill over me which was simply a transmission of your feeling from your nature to mine through the sound waves. I felt your soul mingling with mine; and when a player can do that with his audience, then he is a true artist.”

Is not he a *dear*?

Your

NELLY.

WIEN, Austria, *April* 19, 1901.

MY DEAREST:—

This is Friday night, 8.30. I am writing beside a roaring fire. It has been very cold here the last week—really most unpleasant weather. All winter I have not known the difference—whether my room was facing north or south, as there was no sun anywhere. But now it makes me envious to see the sun streaming in the windows across the street and my room so dark and damp. I have thought seriously of moving, but Miss S—— says that by May I will be glad I have a north room. But when I go away for the summer vacation, the last of June, I shall give up my room and not return here. I have thought of moving all winter, for, after I was settled here, I found the location anything but inspiring. Around the corner is the old people's poorhouse. As I go to dinner I see dozens of the poor old creatures out sunning themselves. Farther up is the hospital, where they murder people in the interest of Science. They average fifteen funerals a day, and they have them all at once—at one o'clock, just as I go to dinner. There are always groups of mourners standing about, and the air is

heavy with incense which they burn. Altogether it is not a cheerful neighborhood.

So far, all the flowers I have seen here have been in florist's windows, and the prices are *awful*.

Yes, I have three German lessons a week, and I always take two lessons each time out of the grammar and write out the exercises, and know the lessons, too. But I seldom hear it spoken. My piano teacher spoke only German to me during my last lesson, and I understood nearly all. I am working away as best I can, but sometimes I feel awfully discouraged. I talk with other pupils, and I find they all have come to be very humble-minded, and convinced that they are perfect idiots. Now, for instance, in my last lesson I had a Nocturne by Chopin (I am daft over Chopin anyway; every note appeals to me; every note has a real meaning to me), and I have seen in the past that my playing of Chopin not only gave myself pleasure, but pleased, and even moved, other people. I have always felt that after the excellent training I had with Mr. Hartmann and my own work (in which I can truly say I have always been conscientious and tried my best), and hearing artists in New York last year whose playing sounded like what I aimed at, that I could not be far wrong. Well, I had worked

so hard over the Nocturne! I had memorized it all, just as they require, being able to say the notes aloud away from the music. I could play each hand alone or both together. I studied the pedal, and used it just as she had marked it. Of every little phrase I studied the shading, and toward the end of the week I could have wept at the feeling I put into the thing. I went to my lesson with quite a humble feeling of pride, thinking, "Perhaps to-day she will be pleased with me." Well, I assure you there was not a measure I was allowed to play through without a suggestion. The chief difficulty is what she calls "Hand-gellent"—I do not know how they spell it, but it means hand and arm movement. They produce nearly all their effects over here with little turns and twists of the hands, fingers, wrists, or arms.

Frau Brée says my arms are so stiff. I was talking with Miss McB——, a girl who has been here five years, and she worked two years before getting into this flexibility.

Finally, Frau Brée ended my lesson by telling me that the Nocturne was too difficult for me! She just about broke my heart, and yet I realize that she is right; for I am certainly not equal to doing it as she requires. The fact is, I must be

an artist before playing that Nocturne. She gave me a Chopin waltz to do this week. I memorize a page each day. When I go to bed I say the notes from the beginning. I am trying, in a disheartened way, but I shall not be so foolish as again to suppose I shall have a good lesson.

But I try to cheer myself by playing over some of my old pieces, and they certainly are quite different—a much fuller undertone, and altogether freer and easier.

Oh, dearest, it is a long, hard road! One who has not studied—and even one who has, like myself—can have no realization of the distance between the artist and even a good amateur. I had not, but I have now.

Dearest, just now I want just you. I want to put my face down in your lap, just as I used in the still twilight—oh, ages ago, it seems!—and hear, as then, your low voice saying, softly, “My little girl, my little girl!”

I feel sure I shall dream to-night the best of the old life over. And always—sleeping or waking—I shall be your own

“LITTLE NELL.”

April 28.

Yesterday brought yours of the 9th. Of course, I know you appreciated my telling you everything. I so often think of you, and want to tell you a million little things just then and there. But—I do not know how it is—the time *runs* away, and tho I seem always to be in a rush I accomplish little of all I plan to do.

* * * * *

Yes, in October I shall not have to practise such rigid economy, for I am then to have one-third of the Mexican income. I get on beautifully here, however, and have even saved a little toward my summer vacation trip. I want to go to The Hague, and have a bit of tramping over the Swiss mountains. The Hague is on the sea, you know, and the bathing is fine. Orchestral concerts are given by the famous Berlin Orchestra, the finest in the world.

Mr. F——'s sister and her husband live there. He is a lawyer, but does not practise, devoting his time mainly to painting and music. Constant says he plays the violin really well. Twice a week they have musical evenings at his home. I will go to a *pension* near there, where the expense will be about the same as here. I enclose a letter

from Constant, in which he speaks of it. I think it will be very pleasant for me to pass a month that way. Then, as I said, I want to go through Switzerland. That can be done very cheaply. Miss S—— went last year. They sell a ticket for \$5, on which one can travel all one wants to, for a month, through Switzerland. I like it here so much for that reason. At least among the students it does not matter if one is rich or poor; we all chum together—in fact, no one thinks of “cutting a dash,” as with us. I was much more lonely in New York and Chicago than I am here. Our people are certainly selfish and brusque in manner. In New York, especially, every one seems cold and utterly selfish. They have no time to be polite.

Friday night I gave a little party—just the students from the *pension*—nine of us. We were all jolly, and played guessing games, and two of the doctors did sleight-of-hand tricks, which were really very clever. I served sandwiches, tea, and cakes. Yesterday we began playing tennis. I do not know the game, but they are all kind enough to be willing to teach me. We are to play twice a week.

I am going, this morning, to hear Verdi's Mass, conducted by Mascagni. Mascagni is also going

to conduct his own opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," some night this week at the opera. Miss S—— and I are going. We go everywhere together. She is a dear girl, and I am very fond of her. I must now stop writing and get dressed, so as to meet her on the corner in half an hour. I will write on the 1st, as usual.

Lovingly,

NELL.

May 2.

MY DEAREST:—

I tried to write you yesterday, but in the morning I had to go away to the other end of the city for my piano lesson, and then in the afternoon, after dinner, I came home, rested a little, practised an hour, dressed for the opera, and had just an hour in which to write to you before expecting the girl, with whom I was going, to call for me. As I was just commencing to write there came a knock at the door, and there she was! I was so disappointed. It was not five o'clock. She was to come at six. The opera begins at seven here, you know. It was Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," that we heard last night, under his own leadership of the orchestra. I have often heard it in Mexico, but last night it was a different opera altogether—fuller of rhythm and poetry. Mascagni received quite an ovation. Miss S—— and I have made up our minds to go twice a week to the opera. We get seats in the third gallery for about seventy cents, and we see and hear very well there. It is foolish to be in the midst of such opportunities and not take advantage of them. How often, when I see and hear beautiful things, do I long—oh, with such longing that

I really *ache*!—to have you with me. But I shall see and hear *for two*, and when I come we will live it all over again together. I think I have not spoken of it very much, but I do appreciate these long, weary years you are passing through, and I think you have been extremely sweet and brave through all, and so has dear, dear Nonksie. Perhaps he will recover, after all, and I shall see him once again. How good he always was to me! And I want you to hope and believe that brighter days will come, and that only a little later on we are all going to be happy together. But for a while I must stay here at my piano work. I am learning, certainly, but I fear I shall not, in this life, reach the summit for which I strive. One who has not been through it can have no idea what it means to be an artist. I have been quite discouraged lately, and one in such a state of mind can not do good work. Yesterday I told my teacher how I felt. She was very kind, and said every one passed through these stages. She said to play the piano *well* was a very, *very* difficult art, and that any teacher who is easily satisfied with a pupil's work is a poor teacher. I often think of the old saying about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread." I certainly was a "fool," but I doubt if I am an "angel" now, even

if I do fear to attempt anything. Positively I can not find any piece of music simple enough to play. I suppose it is as my teacher says, that, when one is able to play even a simple thing *well*, one is then prepared to go ahead with anything and everything. Now, in a Chopin Waltz I am learning, I assure you she has some especial direction to give about the playing of almost every note. I play it *slowly*, slowly, one hand at a time, trying to remember every detail. For instance, I have to think like this (practising always without music): at the beginning of bar, the hand in arched position, take pedal with first note, raise it the instant the third note is struck; depress wrist with fifth and sixth notes; raise wrist on certain other notes; the thumb goes under the hand on certain notes; throw the hand up in other places, always watching out that the pedal is raised and depressed as she has marked it. I have certainly learned a great deal, tho, for now in going over my old pieces I can by myself improve them measure by measure, applying all these things. Miss S—— was four years in Berlin and Leipsic, and she says the teachers there know *nothing* about a piano compared with here. For instance, I suppose she thought she was quite a fine pianist when she came here, because I know when

she, upon arrival, went to play to Leschetiszki she played a big Concerto by Chopin (it is for piano and orchestra, and Lesche played the orchestral part on a second piano). Now she has been here almost two years, and she says she would as soon think of jumping over the moon as of attempting that Concerto! So fade our dear illusions! You know, tho Paderewski was a concert pianist when he came here, that he studied here for four years!

I shall not worry myself about it. I shall try my best, and at least I shall be better than I was.

I enclose some photos.

Always your

NELL.

May 5.

There is the most awful old grind-organ playing out in the street. I am on the point of going mad! Really they ought not to be allowed at large! I will bury myself in thoughts of you, Dearest, which will deafen me to all unpleasantness. I was so happy, yesterday, to hear from you, and eagerly devoured every word, as always. Dearest, we will hold each other close all our lives to prevent dark shadows creeping in. After all, as you say, "What is life without love?" One strives to attain a certain perfection in any branch; one grows weary; one's ideal is ever far away, like the bag of gold hidden behind the rainbow; faint-hearted, exhausted, despairing, one sinks by the wayside; and then one thinks, "What is it all for?" The brain of clay realizes its finite, or, rather, infinitesimal, limit or capacity; but, thank God, one then thinks of the soul, which is not finite but divine, and as great as heaven itself! The one great prerogative of the soul is *to love*, and only in loving is it worthy its divine origin. In loving, one shakes off these earthly shackles; one rises to a purer, sweeter atmosphere, where all is harmony, beauty, and content, and an infinite range of vision. Dear, I am beginning to feel that God, in pity, is to heal my bruised and

wounded spirit. Then, indeed, shall I once more live again.

* * * * *

Do you know, dear, perhaps I will not return here in the fall? I have been making inquiries, and they say one of Leschetiszki's best preparatory teachers lives in Paris—a Mr. Swain. Many say he is far better than Frau Brée, for the reason that he “illustrates”—that is, plays the things he teaches. That is something that I miss very much with Frau Brée. She never plays a note, and you know how it is—one may talk all day, and yet not convey the idea as in five minutes' practical illustration. I will think seriously before deciding. In Paris I could devote myself to French and acquire it somewhat. I enjoy the French magazine very much. It seems easy reading someway, and I find many things to interest me in its varied topics.

I am sure you are right in what you say about tennis. I certainly feel very much used up after playing.

Miss S—— and I went to hear “Martha” last night. It was not very good. I really must practise another hour to-night. Frau Brée gave me a long lesson last week. Sleep well!

Your loving NELLY.

May 12.

Pardon my writing with a pencil. I am not feeling well. I do not know what the reason is, but for some time I have not been well—perhaps because of a cold, or too much stair-climbing, or too much sitting at the piano. For several weeks now I have been all broken up. It makes me furious! I feel that I can not endure it if I am not to be well. Ah, but surely I shall be strong as a veritable daughter of Hercules in the summer, and able to tramp all over the mountains of Switzerland!

Yesterday brought your dear letter of the 18th ult. Your words always make me happy. It is as if a bit of yourself came floating into the room. Oh, yes, you are going to receive the song some time! It is almost copied now. If I have not before sent it to you, it is because I know it to be so utterly poor and valueless. It seems a pity to spoil good paper with it. And, too, I am afraid you *might*, in a moment of madness, show it to some one.

Miss S—— and I have been out in the country this afternoon. Oh, it was all so sweet out there, and restful! I think, however, that to enjoy it to the same extent and degree that I do,

one must needs have lived in Mexico, as I for so many years. I brought back seven shades of green leaves. How Nature comforts her children! Each tender little leaf, timidly unfolding itself, seems to convey a Divine message. It is God's own voice, announcing newly to the world not only His omnipotence and omnipresence, but His great and unchangeable love! Surely the days of miracles are not passed. The garden to the left of Waringer Strasse is now a marvel of tints and fragrance. Lilacs, white and lavender, perfume the neighborhood, and all overhead is a sea of foamy green. I am longing for the country and for you! Sometimes I become depressed just from loneliness, which unfits me for anything. It is a kind of mania possessing one. It would be all right if one always had the talent to justify one's abject devotion to one aim, but so often we see good honest efforts applied in the wrong direction. Ah, well, "Nothing succeeds like success!" And most of all is that true with ourselves. If we accomplish what we set about we feel a new power arising and greatening within us; but if we fail, or if success be delayed, it takes a heart of iron and a giant spirit to march bravely on.

All my life I have dreamed of Vienna as of a place of enchantment which I had only to reach

to be transformed into a marvel. And it is true, but not in the way I dreamed! I do find myself "a marvel"—of stupidity. Every day as I look in the glass I fully expect to see ass's ears growing out of my head. I used to love the piano, and my playing was a source of pleasure to myself and to my friends (unless they told big stories), but now it is only painful. I no longer find pleasure in it. I hate the piano—in fact, I scarcely know one when I see one. The sight of one benumbs my brain (or the place where my brain should be), and yet I can not give it up. I suffer—as a woman loving a drunken husband—disappointment and bitterness, but still I would not give it up for all the world. It is pitiful!

* * * * *

I enclosed the slip about hypnotism only because it seemed so wonderful that they could use it as an anesthetic in that way. I am interested in hypnotism; I think it may solve the problem of human unhappiness. Really, all we have to do to be happy is to believe we are so. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he," saith the Bible—speaking of man generically. I send you some of my pretty leaves. My kisses are among them.

Your

NELLY.

May 16.

We (Miss S—— and I) have been out in the country again. It is now 8.30, and she and Mrs. R—— (*née* H——, the girl who took the German degree of “Dr. of Philology,” and who recently married a Pole) are just gone.

This week I am working on an awful study by Leschetiszki, “Jeu des Oudes” (Play of the Waves). It is the most *awful* thing (to memorize) I ever came across. They say he wrote it to make it difficult. Each measure goes in about two different keys. It is six pages long, and I am supposed to know it perfectly by my next lesson—Wednesday. I only began it Thursday. Yesterday afternoon I was just about crazy over it. I would sit and look at the music and say the notes aloud, but it *would not* make any impression on my brain. Finally I just sat down at the piano, and played it over and over again, looking at the music—a thing we are especially forbidden to do, because then we learn by “finger memory” and not from the brain. I finally got almost wild over the thing, and in came Miss S——, saying, “Well, my dear, I just ran down to you, for I am about off my head.” I told her I was simply desperate. We talked it all over and comforted

each other, and then she gave me an examination on the first two pages, which I had tried to study well. She would say, "Tell me the notes in the last half of the fourth bar, and the third beat of three bars; after that," etc., etc. As you may imagine, it is very difficult, and I had just about made up my mind not to try any more. My brain does not work right. I have never learned to think or to apply myself. Miss S—— is a little brick. She has been here longer than I and is more advanced, and she insists on dragging me after her. She does more for me than any teacher does. She can tell me from experience the importance of mastering this, and I begin to be convinced that it is vital. For instance, pupils who have been here—three years, say—and who have trained their brains, can memorize a long and difficult piece in one day. To me it seems incredible and impossible. But I have known of many doing it. Even in one day they would know it so well that if they would start playing it, and if at, say, the tenth bar you would take their hands off the piano and go on, counting the bars, and then suddenly tell them to come in with the music at the place you had reached, they would do it with perfect security. It is little short of marvelous. Lesche requires his pupils to have

the notes (and, of course, a clear and fluent technique) so clear in the mind that if he makes some suggestion as to interpretation, necessitating an entirely different rendering, one can do it with perfect ease. The fingers are merely the members of one's orchestra, and the leader is the brain. To-day I have been practising much better, and I see just a little glimmering of light. All this talk about Lesche—technique! It is a practical study to overcome physical difficulties, but that is scarcely even the beginning of it. Four-fifths of their technique comes from the brain. I can well understand, as Frau Brée says: "You are studying the piano, but this training will apply itself in every direction." I am afraid I have given you a big dose of piano talk, but it occupies my mind.

I have the brooch. It is beautiful!

A world of love to you each.

NELL.

May 23.

How foolish of me to write my moods out for your bewilderment, my dearest. I know it will give you pain, and if I only had the letters back I would fill them full of *joy*, of JOY, of JOY—for your dear sake, my darling!

Yes, I know; but not even the jeopardizing of *all* my property interests could induce me to leave here now—at least, so I feel to-day. And yet I, of course, can not get on without my income. It is now or never with my music, and I feel that even a brief interruption might be fatal. To tell the truth, I *have* been very discouraged of late, and only in the last two weeks have I begun to see a way through. You can imagine what it means for a mature person like myself to drop suddenly all her particularly pet little ways and change *everything*—never to be able to play a single note in anything in what would be to me a free and natural way. In my lessons there was seldom a note that escaped criticism. I had the satisfaction, in my lesson yesterday, to be told that I had practised 100 per cent. better this last week than ever before. I thought also, before I went to my lesson, that I had; but I have so often

been disappointed in trying to please Frau Brée that I did not expect any praise. It did me a world of good, however. And often I think—more and more approvingly—of what you used to say: “What we all need, what all the world needs, is *encouragement*—encouragement to do our best; and even in the midst of failure, still, and and all the more, ENCOURAGEMENT!” I think you used to add that, after all, failure was but a stepping-stone to success, as out of evil God brings good. If that be so (and, as I used to say, “What Dearest says is so—*is* so, if it *isn't* so”) I surely shall some time succeed marvelously, for the stepping-stones of failure are many along my way.

* * * * *

One thing so difficult over here is the pedaling. I was never taught pedaling, but always used it at random, as I thought it should be. I find Leschetiszki's way and mine are *never* the same, and I am free to acknowledge that his is much better, but it is difficult. I noticed, when I first came here, in the playing of his pupils, such full, rich, velvety, organlike notes, and I find it is all in the pedaling. I begin to see into this, and I be-

gin to memorize as they require, always seeing the notes in the mind's eye, and never playing any faster than the brain dictates—not letting the fingers run on. You would not believe it, but a thing learned and played from the brain has an entirely different sound. My hands and arms, too, are limbering, and I am “catching on” to all their little twists and quirks. I do not want to boast, but I believe if I work *hard* for the next year and a half that I shall play better than I do now.

Last night was the night at Leschetiszki's. Rosenthal, the great pianist, was there. Did I tell you of the six-year-old prodigy? He plays at every class. He is a Pole. One night he played “The Mill” and a Chopin Nocturne. He played them better than I used. Last night he played a Haydn trio—piano, cello, and violin. He played the long and difficult piano part without music. It is simply uncanny! He is a little totsie in short gowns, and they have to pile books on the piano-stool for him. They have a mechanical arrangement attached to the pedal for the use of his little feet.

It is 10 P.M., and I am tired.

Miss S—— has her first lesson with Leschetiszki to-morrow! She is in a great state. You

would love her! We are always together. She has been, in many ways, a world of help to me. She takes nutmeg in her tea. It is her own invention, and something *awful*, I think.

With much love,

Always affectionately,

NELL.

WIEN, *June 1.*

I received your letter of May 10, just after my last was posted, and this morning the one of the 16th arrived.

Oh, poor little Martha! I am so sorry! But I hope *he* will suffer for his sins. Martha (just between ourselves) made a great mistake in not attending more to her personal appearance and in not keeping up to the times. When I was there last I noticed this, but I thought her extreme devotion would more than make up for it. And so it should if the man were what he ought to be. I am sure the wise way is for a woman, first of all, to be well "groomed," then to wear pretty and becoming clothes; be a little selfish in expecting more care and attention than she gives; always be kind and affectionate, but always let the man feel that there are still some little recesses in her nature which he can not reach; always have something interesting to talk about; never worry; never nag! In this way a woman can always keep a good man's devotion. An inexperienced young girl could never do this. She knows nothing of the pitfalls in married life. All she knows to do—poor thing!—is to give herself, body, heart, and soul, and live in abject devotion—certainly the

most foolish and disastrous course imaginable. A woman could not follow out my plans unless she were well, and unless there were money enough to make life easy. But even in unfortunate circumstances a woman could do many of these things, and all the rest would have to come from her own broadness, strength, wisdom, and—most of all—goodness and sweetness of character.

A woman to win a man's everlasting devotion and adoration must be a Solomon and a saint—full of infinite force and never lessening resources! Some of us are not up to the standard, and that is why our marriages are unhappy. It reminds me of some great actress's advice to young girls wishing to go on the stage: "Unless you have the face of a Madonna, the figure of a Venus, the skin of a rhinoceros, the brain of a genius, more patience than Job—don't!"

It is now very hot here, and, tho I am feeling quite well again, I do not think this last month of piano practise would do me any good; and so I have decided to go to The Hague and rest, and take the sea baths as soon as possible. I think in about two weeks I shall leave. And I may not return here for another year, but settle in Paris. I have heard of a celebrated pupil of Leschetiszki's, a Mr. Swain, who is, they say, as

great a teacher as Lesche, and more patient and painstaking. He is in Paris. I have letters of introduction to pupils who left here to go to him by preference. I could perfect my French there also. But I have not yet decided.

Address care of Mrs. F——. She will forward my letters to The Hague address.

Best love to you each

From

NELLY.

June 5.

I expect to leave here a week from to-morrow. My piano goes to-morrow, as the month is then up. I am busy remodeling some of my gowns. (Am I not fortunate in knowing how to do that? And more and more I thank you, dearest, for insisting that such knowledge should form a part of every girl's education.) And I am having a pretty dotted mull made for afternoons at the seashore.

Yesterday was the great parade—Corpus Christi Day. It was a most gorgeous spectacle! Miss S—— and I were most fortunate in securing seats on Drecoll's balcony, and we had a perfect view of everything: the choir-boys, the priests, with hundreds of banners in marvelous colors; all the members of the royal household; all the nobles; the city mayor; the generals of the army; the cardinal; the emperor; Ferdinand, the heir to the throne; his handsome but wicked brother, Otto; all the fine horses of the royal stables, and some of the royal carriages. It was an indescribable sight! Some day I will tell you all about it. Everybody was in full uniform.

Tho we had seats, we were obliged to leave here at 6 A.M. (the parade was at 9). The crowd was

dense. Many people stood all night to get places. I tried to take some photographs, but the light was too poor.

Just now a French magazine came. I see it continues "The Queen's Necklace." I am interested in it.

I have been reading Dreyfus's "Cinq Années de ma Vie." It is the most heartbreaking story! His sufferings haunt me nights! I make it a point to look up all the words I do not know, and often I can not see for the tears in my eyes. What fine, noble natures are he and his wife! What ideal love between them! What tenderness, what devotion! It has convinced me that true love can *endure*—even through years of wedded days.

To-day I read from Raja Yoga this: "He who can become mad upon an idea, he alone will see light." I wonder if it is true? If, in other words, as has been asserted heretofore, all genius is insanity?

I will write again before leaving.

Lovingly,

NELL.

PART TWO
LETTERS FROM PARIS

BRUSSELS, *June 20.*

MY DEAREST :—

I arrived here yesterday, after the most ideal trip by boat down the Rhine. I sent you postals from Frankfort, and from every place along the Rhine where we made a landing. I also took photographs on the way, and, if they turn out well, you shall have copies.

I visited Frankfort, Mainz, Königswinter, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and now Brussels. It is a trip I shall remember all my life—such wonderful things I have seen !

The scenery and the magnificent ruins along the way, the castles, old and modern—oh, it is all so wonderful !

Mrs. F—— is here. She called on me yesterday afternoon, and later we went for a drive through the lovely woods near here.

It is now 10.30, and soon a carriage is to come to take me to lunch with Mrs. F——. In the afternoon we go sightseeing, and then she will dine here with me. I like her, and she, I am sure, feels that I respect myself. She speaks always to

me in French, and I in English to her, and each understands perfectly.

I shall go to The Hague in a few days. I am feeling very well—have walked a great deal, and do not tire easily. I will write you long letters from The Hague, and tell you all about my trip. Brussels is a beautiful city.

Dearest love to you two dears

From your own

“LITTLE NELL.”

HOTEL ZEERURST,
Scheveningen, July 1.

MY DEAREST:—

I arrived here last Tuesday at 1 P.M., having had a most interesting and pleasant little trip from Brussels. Holland is such a beautiful and picturesque country, with its windmills and dikes everywhere. You know, nearly the whole country is below the level of the sea. They built these tremendous dikes everywhere, and the windmills to pump the water out of the land so inclosed. Holland has been stolen from the sea. In these days the windmills are used in grinding corn, etc.

Arriving at The Hague, I began hunting for a boarding-house (*pension*), where I could remain for a couple of months at not too great an expense. I went to dozens of places, and either every place was full for the summer or else the prices were equal to the best hotels. At 6 P.M., worn out, I gave up the search for the day, and went to my hotel. The next day I found a place, but the only vacant room was on the fourth floor, and all meals on the first. I found it too much climbing, and began room-hunting out here at

Scheveningen. This is only a half-hour by horse-car from The Hague. It is a seashore resort, one of the most fashionable in Europe. The beach is beautiful white sand, with many hotels all along the promenade. I am at one of them, but am not satisfied. The prices are all so much higher than I expected. You see, the season here is during July and August, and they have to make expenses for the whole year during those months. I pay six guldens (one gulden is forty cents) a day. I ought to live for half that. I care nothing for any place simply because it is fashionable. I am writing to various small seaside places for prices, and may leave here in a few days. I am glad, tho, to have seen it.

The peasant women are interesting in their quaint gowns, and with the golden (real gold) bands they wear about their heads, with white bonnets over them. I hope to get some good photos, and will send you some.

Wednesday afternoon and evening I spent with Mrs. F——'s married daughter, who, with her husband and son, lives near the most beautiful wood, in which we took a long walk.

Really I must say The Hague is the most enchantingly beautiful city I was ever in. In the first place, it is one great garden—woods, parks,

and trees everywhere. Then the city is full of canals, just like Venice—quaint bridges, boats, old towers, and castles all about. I am sending you postal cards, which will give you a very good idea of it.

Mrs. V——, Mrs. F——'s daughter, is *very* pretty. Her husband is devoted to her and to their only child, Walter, who is five years old. They have a beautiful home, with a pretty garden. I have quite lost my heart to the entire family, they are all so devoted to each other. Mr. and Mrs. F—— have been married over thirty years, and they are like young lovers. I saw several kisses and sly little love-taps pass between them. I think they like me. They have always been most kind to me. I was in Antwerp three days. Every day I lunched, spent the afternoon, dined, and passed the evening with them. Constant took some photos of me with his father. I will send one for you and Nonksie (bless the dear heart of him!). Mrs. F—— is really awfully nice, and not a bit horrid, as I fancied she might be. I was so happy, and always so hungry. The service and customs in general seem quite like ours at home. I was anxious to see Constant with his mother and sister, to learn if he treated them with the same thoughtful courtesy which he

showed to me. I am glad to say he does—which shows that it is real.

Here, in the evening, Mr. V—— and I played duos—piano and violin. He plays very well. Here Dutch is the language spoken. It is not at all like German. I do not understand a word. Fortunately, nearly every one speaks English.

Of course, I do not know where I may go, but I *will not* pay more than half what they charge here. It does not cost much to travel about. The distances are short, and I go second class. Miss S—— is gone home to Scotland, but we still hope to go through Switzerland together. I do not like being alone here. It seems very lonely. I would go to Paris at once (where I know some Vienna people and have letters to others), but I fear the heat. But I am having a needed rest, and feel all right again.

Every afternoon and evening they have fine concerts here by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—one of the finest in the world. I went on Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. V——. She is coming out to lunch with me to-morrow.

I do hope all is well with you two dears. Now I go to buy you some postal cards.

Always your devoted

NELLY.

BRUSSELS, *July 16.*

MY DEAREST:—

I am at last settled here in Brussels. I wrote you several times from Scheveningen. It was too expensive there, and, besides, I did not feel comfortable there alone. I find that here in Europe a woman traveling alone occupies an awkward position—not at all as in the United States. More especially does this apply to a seaside resort. I thought I should be able to make acquaintances quickly, but all respectable families are afraid of a woman who is alone. Besides, I was very lonely. A woman over here has not the liberty she has with us. Even Mr. V—— would not allow his wife to come out to Scheveningen to luncheon with me. They came out together several evenings, and took me out to the concerts, and invited me to their home; but Mr. V—— does not like his wife to go about alone, claiming that European women are not able to take care of themselves. I wrote to Mrs. F——, telling her how I felt, and she suggested that I come to a quiet little hotel in Boisforts (a suburb of Brussels), where she used to go sometimes. So I came at once, stopping two days at Antwerp. They were all, as before, most kind to me, and I

spent all my time at their house, only sleeping at the hotel. Mrs. F——, tho physically unable to do me so great a kindness, came with me last Tuesday to Brussels. We went to Boisforts, but found the hotel was full, so I went to a *pension*, and in a couple of days I found the place where I now am. It is beautifully situated, near the famous Bois de la Cambre. I am with a widow and her three daughters. I have two pleasant rooms with a fine view, and I pay just half what I did in Scheveningen. Oh, Providence is taking care of me! I am so satisfied to be here. It is also a fine thing for my French. They speak in French, and I have two good hours with them every day at dinner and luncheon. Even in these few days I speak easier. They know I want to learn, and are kind enough to correct anything I say wrong. The eldest daughter (about twenty, I think) is an artist of great talent. Last night she showed me some of her work, and suggested that some day we go to the country together, where she will paint and I can read.

Mrs. F—— is coming to see me to-morrow. I have a piano, and am doing some good practising. I only just begin to realize how much I learned in Vienna! I am, indeed, thankful for it all, and often I long for a glimpse of the kind

faces I learned to love there. How good they all were to me! I shall remain here until September, and then, perhaps, go to Paris.

O dearest, if only you could have enjoyed with me the trip down the Rhine, and all the beautiful, historic places that I visited *en route*! Especially in the Cathedral at Cologne was I filled with a longing for you that would not let me rest. It is a wonderful structure! About as large as the Cathedral in Antwerp and marvelously impressive. How vividly it brought back to me dear Nonksie's reading—from John Lord, I believe—of this same Cathedral, in the evenings long ago. Little I thought then that I was to see with my own eyes the colossal towers that he read about—"the delicate spires, rising to a height of five hundred and twenty feet; . . . the wonders that must be studied like the glories of a landscape, with an eye to the beautiful and the grand, and practised by the contemplation of ideal excellence." And all these thousands of wonders consecrated to the God of the high and the low, to whom all are responsible—the one dear Providence who is watching over your little girl wherever she may be, and *always taking care* of her. Tell Nonksie—with my dear, *dear* love, and a thousand kisses right from the heart of me—that I thought of him there

in that holy place, and prayed for his healing and his peace. Tell him, also, that I never forget to be grateful that, through all those years—seemingly now so far away!—he gave lavishly to me from the storehouse of his remarkable memory, of his wide knowledge of men and events, of all the riches of his mind so marvelously trained, so keenly analytical in its scope and power.

Le bon Dieu will not let me disappoint his beautiful faith in me!

Lovingly yours and his

“LITTLE NELL.”

August 20.

Tell you of my home-life—of each day's program, dearest? It is all very simple and scarcely deserving mention, except because you wish it. In the first place, I get up at 7.00 always, when the maid knocks on my door, waking me from sound slumber, and I spring out of bed to take the pitcher of hot water she brings me.

Then (I will confess) I sometimes go back again for five minutes, just to wake up properly. But I can not linger long, for at 7.30 she brings my coffee and bread, and puts it on the table in the front room, and I must be dressed, so as to take it before it gets cold. I usually get to the piano at 8.30. At 9.30 I begin French by reading through the morning paper, looking up in the dictionary all the words I do not know, and writing them for reference. Then I read a book of mythology in French, and, after about an hour of this, I practise another hour. Then I learn about five irregular verbs and write out a French exercise. At 12.00 Miss Frère, my teacher, comes, and I have to recite my verbs and the words I wrote down in my little book, and read aloud and speak, etc.

We are always still hard at work when the

lunch-bell rings. At luncheon—or, rather, dinner—we speak only French, so that is like another lesson, as they always correct any mistake I make. When I first came I could understand, but I spoke with great difficulty. Now there is the greatest difference. Of course, I often make mistakes, but in a few more months I shall speak fluently. They say I have no foreign accent. That comes from a musical ear. It was the same in Spanish.

At dinner I might almost think I was at home with you. Almost the same things we use to have, and cooked just the same! Madame Frère is such a sweet woman! I like them all very much, and shall be sorry to leave.

After lunch I take a nap and regown myself. Then I drink a cup of tea, and either write some letter or practise. At about 5.00 or 6.00 I go out to walk in the lovely woods, or go into town and wander about looking in the shops, or I leave home at 3.00 and go to an art gallery, etc. At 7.00 o'clock is supper. After supper, at 8.00, I come to my room, wheel a big chair under the lamp, and read history. Am reading a general history and a Dutch history. At 9.30 the maid brings hot water, and I bathe and go to bed.

Sometimes the program is varied, and we go

for a drive in the woods or into the country, where there are lovely spots. Next summer we mean to visit the battle-field of Waterloo. Yet, in the main, one day is very like another.

And so you see me, dear, and always I am

Yours fondly,

NELLY.

August 26.

My birthday was such a happy day, my dearest! The first thing in the morning came, by express, a great boxful of long-stemmed roses—perfect beauties! Later another lovely bouquet (from Mrs. F——) and two lovely real Delft plaques. They are exquisite copies of celebrated pictures. Also a dozen fine linen handkerchiefs trimmed with real lace, and an “N” embroidered in each.

In the evening Madame Frère and her daughters entertained me charmingly. An interesting story told by Mrs. Frère I will give to you. Who knows what you may make of it?

Before commencing the story, Mrs. Frère showed me some pieces of lace—“*Point de l'Aiguille*,” they call it. I never saw such exquisite lace! The foundation is the finest net, so fine that it seems impossible that it could ever have been made by any human fingers. Through the net are flowers and leaves and a marvelous border. It was made by a young girl from a small town near Brussels, who makes lace for a living and for the support of a drunken father. Mrs. Frère got her to come here for a few weeks to make the lace,

and until then she had never been out of her native town—scarcely ever out of her own home. They all say she is the most beautiful creature they ever saw. She was as innocent and unsophisticated as a young savage who knows only nature. She did not know that she was beautiful. She hated to go on the street because every one turned to stare at her. She would come home with her lips quivering and her great eyes half-drowned in tears, and ask madame if anything was wrong with her dress. She said it seemed to her that the men looked at her more than did the women. “What *could* be the matter?”

In Brussels every year there is a grand fair—“*la foire*,” they call it. It is in a wide street by the Gare du Midi, and it is a veritable Bedlam that everybody enjoys—and later wonders why. Of course, as is common at such places, there are lines of little booths where they sell all sorts of rubbish.

Well, this girl went to the fair one fine day, her jet-black hair falling in perfect waves below her knees, and herself a picture that any lover of the beautiful in nature must inevitably rejoice in. One of the booth-keepers, seeing her stand in rapt admiration before two vases made of common glass, through which sparkled tin-foil, came

up to her and wickedly offered to trade the vases for her hair. The vases were each marked "50 centimes" (10 cents). The girl was delighted, and came home with short-cropped hair, but happy as a child over her treasures. She filled them with fresh flowers every morning, and set them in the little window where all the days she sat patiently making her lace, never thinking of the price she had paid, so delighted was she to have something beautiful really her very own. One day a sudden storm arose, and the window, being insecurely fastened, came down, and the vases were broken into a thousand pieces. Poor Gretchen! She wept, and refused to be comforted until the man who sold her the vases, hearing of her misfortune, brought her two others really beautiful, and later offered her his heart and hand, which she dutifully declined. Her "father could not take care of himself," she said, and, without *her*, "he would die. She thanked monsieur, but she should never marry."

And "monsieur" went back to his truck-booth whistling the Marseillaise, and, apparently, quite content. But, after all, he had done the sweet little lace-maker the highest honor he could compass in her behalf, and she seemed to appreciate, in a modest way, the distinction she had gained,

weeping a little in Madame's motherly embrace, because "*she was so sorry for him!*"

Dear little Gretchen! I am glad her smile will come again—likewise her hair.

Good-night, my best beloved.

NELLY.

BRUSSELS, *August 28.*

How happy I was to get your dear letter this morning! It started the day brightly for me, and, because of it, I have done better work to-day. Oh, I am so sorry the summer is passing! I do not like the cold winter. To-day is a foretaste of it.

Just now I have had my French lesson, and have written to Miss T—— and to Dr. R——, Paris. I wrote to Vienna to get his address; it is different from the one he sent me in The Hague. I hope now to have an answer from him, and shall be glad if he is in Paris when I arrive, as I know he will be of help to me in finding just the right place.

Do you know, I have been thinking about my coming life in that gay city, dear heart, and wondering if you might ever have any anxieties about me at any time. I was thinking, too, how loving and kind and all that is dear you are, and of how truly I love both you and Nonksie, and I want you both to trust me implicitly. I shall, no doubt, go about some, and meet a good many people—notable men and women; but, in our separation, I am sure you will keep a firm faith in me and in my perfect safety, and so be peaceful and happy in every thought that comes my way.

No matter where I may be, in absence from you, I want you always to be possessed by a feeling of joyous security—believing, as I do, that Providence is taking care of me.

This is just a little extra, dear heart.

* * * * *

I had a very sad letter from Mr. M—— the other day. For the past four or five months his health has been failing, and his ship, the *Vigilancia*, went on the rocks, you know. It was just off the coast of Cuba, and he remained on board six weeks while wreckers were trying to get the noble old ship off. He contracted a fever there, but recovered somewhat, and was offered a position as chief engineer on a fine new ship, the *Esperanza*. He wrote me from Vera Cruz, saying that every hour he grew worse, and that he is almost totally blind. He thinks, and hopes, the suffering will soon be over. He is a splendid man, always doing some kind act for somebody. It seems too hard, and he is only forty years old!

How many sad things one finds in life! After all, health is the most important thing, and all troubles are as nothing compared to a desperate physical condition.

Good-by, dear heart.

Fondly, your

NELLY.

BRUSSELS, *September 2.*

I could not write you yesterday, tho all day, out in the country, I kept the trysting-time with you in loving thought and plan. We visited the ruins of an old monastery—Le Abbaye de Villars. It is about an hour, by train, from Brussels. Baedeker speaks of it only a few words. It was built in 1200, and practically destroyed at the time of the French Revolution. My dear, it is marvelous! The church and monastery cover a large space of ground, and even the ruined castles on the Rhine are not so imposing. I never saw anything so picturesque and fascinating. We are going again next Sunday, and I shall take some photographs. We bought a French book telling all about it, and I shall send it to you with the pictures. What made me know of and wish to visit the ruins was a book Miss Frère gave me to read—"Dom Placide." It is a diary kept by a monk who lived and died there, and whose body was found a long time afterward when an old wall was torn down.

Such a mistake we made yesterday!—a mistake that nearly resulted in our not seeing the ruins at all. We did not leave town until 2 P.M.,

and, after traveling about an hour, expecting every moment to arrive at the station, the train finally stopped, and outside, on a big board, we saw: "Hotel des Ruins de Villars." We naturally thought that was the place to get off, and only when the train was moving did we find out our mistake. We had left the train—and the train had left us—two stations too soon! We tried to hire a carriage, but there was none to be had, and no train again for two hours. We were told that by fast walking one could cover the distance in an hour and a half, and we decided to try it. The day was magnificent—a little breeze at our backs, a good road, and a little sun floating in and out between beautiful white clouds. I started with a jacket and feather boa on, but soon gave them up to be carried for me, and the last half hour I could only go stumbling along.

We reached the Abbaye at just half-past six, and as at seven it is dark now, we saw it only hurriedly.

Returning, we dined at the Hotel des Ruines (which had caused us such a long walk), and, tho tired, we were quite proud of ourselves, as in the train we simply flew along, and it had taken even the great engine to do the distance in twenty minutes.

We reached home at 10 P.M., and I found awaiting me a letter from Miss M——, telling me of her brother's death on August 3. It was a terrible shock to me, for, tho I knew he was very ill, I did not think he would die. I was so tired I could not sleep all night, and every instant to-day the thought of his death is present in my mind.

When I think that that fine ship, the *Vigilancia*, on which I came up to New York not a year ago, has gone to pieces on the rocks, that her captain, who for thirty years had followed the seas, is dead, and now poor Jack M——, I can not realize it! It seems to me I could again step aboard, as I did at Vera Cruz, and find everything and every one "just as of old." It seems impossible that he whom I saw so strong a year ago is no longer upon the earth! *Where is he?* The whole idea of death, with all its awful mystery and irrevocableness, has been brought vividly before my mind. Forgive me, dear, for burdening you with such thoughts! Life is brief. It is but a moment at longest. Let us love each other well. The sweetness and purity of that love will prepare us for that supreme moment which we must all know.

To-day I have had my French lesson, but have

done nothing else—nor tried to. I feel homesick. I want *you*!

Good-night, my dear. To-morrow I shall be all right, and will apply myself diligently to my work.

Always lovingly and faithfully

Your

“LITTLE NELL.”

September 9.

What an awful thing, the shooting of President McKinley ! I sincerely hope that when you read these lines he may still be alive and on the road to health. To-night's paper says the doctors think that they can save him.

I am in the midst of packing, and am to leave here the 11th, as I wrote you, and for Paris on the 14th, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F—— *en route*.

I am so happy to know that dear Nonksie's hand and arm are recovering. I trust he will soon be as well as ever ; and you—you must take life as easy as you can, and be always hopeful and happy.

* * * * *

I do not know anything about the "Kneip cure," excepting that the patients walk about with bare feet each morning (the colder the better), and put their stockings on without drying their feet. I know I had a French teacher in Mexico who, having no garden in which to walk, used to have his servants throw buckets of icy water on a brick floor and then walk barefooted.

Also, from an "altogether" bath, they get into their clothes without drying themselves—something like a cold compress, I suppose.

It is very cold here. I shall be glad to get to work again, and now my holiday is practically ended. I am sending you, by registered mail, a catalog from Wiertz's Museum and a few photos of his pictures. One thing I heard that his biographer has not included in the book. When he was presented by the city with this mammoth studio, he complained that it was too small; but he set to work immediately on his picture, "One of the Great Ones" (about thirty-five feet high). I send a photo of this picture. You will see the giant is bent double, the length of his leg and doubled body occupying the height of the canvas. Wiertz, in disgust, called in the city authorities, and said: "You see, I shall have to make all my figures doubled over in order to get them in!"

The city fathers expostulated with him, and after that he confined himself to his limits. And yet he painted many little pictures, marvels of beauty and of delicacy of finish—especially so "The Carrot," I think they call it. You will find it in the catalog. I do not send any photo of his greatest picture, "The Triumph of Christ," because none is clear. They give no idea of it, but you will find in the catalog a full and excellent description of it, as well as of many others

of his marvelous paintings. This gallery is an immense room. In two ends the corners are screened off, and one looks at pictures only through little peep-holes. The subjects are terrible, and, seen in that way, they do not look like paintings, but reminded me of the "Chamber of Horrors," in the Eden Musée. One is a person bursting his way out of his coffin. Another, "Crime and Famine"—a woman with crazy, laughing eyes, who has killed her child, one little foot and leg of whom protrude from a boiling pot near by. She holds the little body in her lap, cutting off the other leg. It is wonderfully done, and keeps me awake o' nights when I ought to be asleep. It is a sermon against the monopoly of riches. And yet I never, in all the galleries, have seen feminine beauty more exquisitely portrayed than here (you will see in the "Two Young Girls" what a lovely creature a maid is), and his coloring is wonderful.

I leave here for Paris on the 11th, stopping three days in Antwerp, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F——.

You may still send my letters here. Mrs. Frère will forward them as soon as I can send her my address.

With dearest love, your NELLY.

22, AVENUE MONTAIGNE, Paris,
September 22, 1901.

MY DEAREST :—

It seems a long time since I wrote to you, tho in reality I believe it is not. In traveling and seeing new faces, a few days seem weeks. I wrote you from Antwerp on the 13th and registered the letter, which contained a little birthday remembrance.

I arrived here—in big, beautiful, wonderful Paris—a week ago to-morrow, and have spent the entire time trying to find a suitable place to live in. I brought addresses from various people and got others from good agencies. The first day I went to a select but expensive *pension*, and from there began my search. Of course, the first two days, being so utterly strange here, I was obliged to engage cabs—two francs an hour (forty cents) to take me about, and it cost me a great deal, as distances are so great. I also used cars and buses, and walked.

The city on the south side of the Seine is filthy, but cheaper : narrow, dirty, crowded streets, with Heaven only knows what kind of people. The so-called “ Latin Quarter ” is over there. I am told many Americans live in the Latin Quarter, but the mere mention of that part of the city is an offense to a European.

On the north side I find the prices *awful* ! I have worn myself out hunting, and Friday I was too ill to leave my room. Yesterday I moved here. I am between the river and the Champs-Élysées (the newest and best part of the town), and have one room on an inner court, for which I pay twenty-five francs a week. Near is a *pension* at which I take my dinners. It was my intention to get my own luncheons in my room, but now the landlady of the *pension* has come down in her prices, and offers me a pleasant room on the street, my board, lamp, fire in room, and a French lesson daily for ten francs a day.

I have figured it out in every way, and I could not live any cheaper here. Besides, there I shall be *much* more comfortable, and not lonely, as there are plenty of nice people in the house, tho most of them, I am sorry to say, English-speaking. It is wonderful how we overrun the whole country ! I am sure if it were not for Americans, nine-tenths of the hotels in Europe would have to close.

The *pension* will thus cost about \$62 a month. It seems dear, but I have not found anything cheaper, even in the least desirable places ; and this is really beautiful. There is an elevator, so I shall not have to climb stairs. I shall leave here when my week is up.

As yet I have seen nothing but streets and the buildings I have chanced to pass, but I can readily believe that Paris deserves her reputation of being the most beautiful city in the world. I shall try to take some good photos. To-day I went to the Louvre. Of course it is wonderful, but I was too tired to look about much. I intend to spend my recreation hours there, and will tell you of the things I see, and send you photos.

I have not yet seen my piano teacher. After moving into the *pension*, I shall get a piano and practise a week before going to him. In the *pension* I can speak French with madame, her daughter, and a charming Norwegian girl who is studying to be a concert-singer. We shall get on famously together. I have several very good letters of introduction—one to a Spaniard who publishes a musical paper here and at whose house many artists meet, one to the Spanish Consul and his wife; and, tho the first days in a strange city are always miserable, I shall soon be hard at work again, and so forget that I have, since coming here, seemed to myself like a body walking around without a soul. Did you feel *it* with *you*, dearest?

I shall move, on Saturday, to Rue Boccador, No. 4, corner Avenue Montaigne.

Lovingly,

NELL.

September 26, 1901.

I am distressed at the delay in the forwarding of my mail from Brussels. I wrote Madame Frère, asking her to send my letters, and all the week I have been expecting them. To-morrow I move to the *pension*, where I am to have a room on the fifth floor. There is a funny little elevator—just large enough for two—into which one enters, closes the door, presses a button indicating the floor one wishes to stop at, pulls a rope, and up one goes—but oh, so slowly! When you reach your floor you get out, shut the door, pull a rope, and the little thing goes down again. The funny part is, you can go up, but not down, in it.

Many things over here amuse, and sometimes irritate, me too. For instance, I went, the other day, to a Turkish bath-house, bought my ticket of a woman at the desk, paying for it two francs and a half (fifty cents). I was shown into a little room, where I disrobed, put my sheet about me, and was ushered into a terrifying-looking place—a square room with ceiling about six feet high, and all in stone, barred windows letting in a few rays of light. I, who have been reading so much of late of various prisons and chambers of torture about Paris, could not help a feeling of awe creeping over me, especially as the temperature was

sufficient (so it seemed) nicely to roast and brown a person in about twenty minutes. The attendants had left me, after showing me into this dreadful place. I stood it until I felt the blood bursting out of the top of my head, and then, after quite a search, I found a tap of cold water, with which I cooled and wet my hair. At last I found a bell and called the attendant. I told her I wanted my *bath*! She said if she "scrubbed me off with soap and water" it would be one franc and fifty centimes, and if she washed my hair it would be another franc and fifty. I indignantly protested, saying I had already paid 2.50 francs for a bath, and I had had no bath. She replied that the price was 2.50 to come in. Of course, I had to pay the other three francs, but I was very angry. That is the way over here—pay, pay, pay, at every turn. Every one is very kind and polite, but you are *expected* to pay for it all; and if you do not, you are snubbed and scowled at.

The water of Paris is unsafe to drink. Every one drinks wine instead, but I am not accustomed to it, and, besides, I do not like it. At the *pensions*, hotels, and restaurants the wine is served free at dinner—like water at home. If one wants water, one must buy mineral water. I bought at a drug-store near here a bottle of Vichy water—

sixty centimes (about fifteen cents)—the druggist giving me change for a ten-franc gold piece. Yesterday I had my luncheon down-town and near the Louvre, so that I could go easily to the gallery afterward. I gave a five-franc piece to pay for my lunch (2.50 francs), and the clerk said: "Oh, that is Spanish money, and worth only 3.50!" I had to give them other money. When I came out I could not remember where I got it, but afterward recalled the druggist. I went there, and accused him of giving it to me. He coolly admitted it, and gave me another five-franc piece. Would you not have thought he would have been ashamed—cheating a stranger, or any one else, like that? But he did *not* tell a lie about it, and that must be set down to his credit.

I am disappointed in the shops of Paris. I expected to go wild with longing for all the pretty things, but I have not bought five cents worth, nor wished to.

The celebrated Louvre is just like one of our department stores at home, and not so nice-looking as Wanamaker's, in New York—at least, *I* think so. The best dressmakers do not display to the public.

So far, I like Brussels much better than Paris. The shops are certainly more beautiful, and the

YOUR LOVING NELL

prices lower. A lady at the *pension* told me that the cost of almost everything is much greater than formerly. She ought to know, as she used to live here, and this is her sixth trip abroad. She lays it all to the "rich Americans."

The Louvre (entrance free) is wonderful, but so big that, in seeing so much, one sees scarcely anything. It takes an hour and a half of good fast walking merely to go through all the rooms; and when one thinks how each room is full of priceless paintings, sculpture, jewels, tapestries, carpets, rugs, furniture, antiquities from all nations, etc., one can not expect to see all—in a hurry. I have been twice now, but it is tiresome, as there are not many benches for sitting. I intend making a point of going regularly—about twice a week.

There are plenty of buses and steam-trams running in every direction. All of these have seats on top, which are fine for observation and very cheap (fifteen centimes). I got on one to-day at random, and rode more than an hour straight east over the city. I went to the former site of the Bastille, now nothing but a square with a monument rising from it.

I will write you the first of the week.

A world of love to you each.

NELL.

YOUR LOVING NELL

PARIS, *October 4.*

DEAREST :—

I wrote you in detail (on the 2d) of the word from Mexico which seemed to make imperative my immediate return. There is nothing here to keep me except my piano work, which is, of course, out of the question now. Without an hour's sleep, I have given two days and nights to anxious study of the situation, and have decided to sail from Antwerp on the steamer *Zeeland*, Red Star Line, October 12, arriving in New York the 22d. I go to-morrow to Brussels. Address: No. 209 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

This has all come upon me so suddenly that I think I feel as you did when the typhoon struck your ship off the coast of Japan! Heaven send me as safe a landing! But still I know that, amid the seeming wreck of things, the same good Providence is taking care of me! Perhaps the better so by giving me the will—and, I trust, the judgment—to take care of myself. I shall do the best I can in the position forced upon me. And *I shall see you*—you and dear, *dear* Nonksie!—before I come back again, which, I hope, will not be long.

Say a little prayer for NELLY.

*

*

*

*

*

S. S. "FRIESLAND,"

Sunday, *July* 21, 1902.

MY DEAREST:—

This is our first rough and unpleasant day. Nearly every one is ill, so I will take advantage of the opportunity to write to you. Since we left New York the weather has been perfect, and at the captain's table we have a congenial little party of six: two well-known portrait-painters (one accompanied by his wife) of New York; a young Englishman, who has a house there for artistic decorating; and a Dutch girl, who is a journalist. Miss H——, the journalist, makes a specialty of art criticism. She is quite young and simply fascinating—a perfect child in some ways, with the keen, clear brain of a man. She keeps us in roars of laughter. We have formed ourselves into what we call "The Modern Laughing and Art Club." In the day we play shuffleboard, tell stories, talk of art and artists, and in the evenings play chess, dominoes, or other games.

I sometimes play the piano for them. Mr. V——, the Belgian artist living in New York, has asked permission to paint me for the Paris Salon. In payment for my posing for him, he has agreed to paint a copy for me, and I bind

myself not to let any other artist paint me. Miss H—— is the only woman journalist in Holland, and she has been in New York for three months. Her impressions of our country are very interesting. In every part of the world she has passes to all theaters and concert-halls. At table we speak only French.

* * * * *

This is our eighth day out. We shall arrive day after to-morrow. I wrote you at some length the last thing before leaving. Certainly Providence has taken care of me and success has attended me since I crossed, nine months ago. Now I mean to see what is in me. Some things are more in my favor than when I first went to Europe, for I have now good friends there, some places that are like home to me, and I have sufficient means to live comfortably and to study art as long as I shall find pleasure in it (which surely will be as long as life lasts). Above all, and better than all, *I have health*. I shall spend a few days in Brussels with Madame Frère, and then go on to Paris and get hard to work at once.

I am all alone in my stateroom and very comfortable, excepting that to-day, on account of the storm, the port-hole has to be closed and the air is stuffy. There are but few passengers.

Good-by, my dearest. You must not feel that you are alone, even if I am so far away, for always I am with you in spirit, and you know you can always count on me, whatever comes. I will write you from Antwerp.

With best love to each,

Yours,

NELLY.

ANTWERP, 39 Rue Peter Benoit,

July 24, 1902.

MY DEAREST:—

I posted you a letter from Flushing. We arrived here at 8 P.M. Tuesday evening. It was raining, but Mrs. F—— had kindly sent a carriage for me and a cordial invitation to pass a few days with them. I received a hearty welcome from all.

Yesterday morning we went to the picture museum, where our little crowd from the ship had arranged to meet. I found it interesting and instructive—viewing the pictures by the side of artists. I do not yet know a good picture from a bad one, but I hope to learn. It is in painting as in music—unless one has *studied* music one can not know good from bad. How often it happens that critics are not competent judges. Miss H——, the little Dutch girl, the art critic, of whom I wrote you, was yesterday standing before a certain painting. She said: “I do not like it!”

Mr. B——, the celebrated portrait-painter, said: “Why?”

She answered: “It does not appeal to me. I feel nothing for it.”

“My dear young lady,” reproved Mr. B——,

“it is not a question of what you *‘feel’* for a picture, but of what you *know* about it.”

Mr. V—— has asked permission to present me with a painting of violets (his own work) for my room in Paris. Is he not kind? You may be sure I accepted. Mr. V—— is one of the first Belgian artists of the day.

I remain here until Monday, when I go to Madame Frère’s, in Brussels. It will seem quite like home there, and I shall stay, perhaps, a week. Madame Frère is such a dear! You remember how she took me in her motherly embrace, weeping, when I left, last year, and during the months of absence what fond and beautiful letters she wrote to me. You may continue addressing me there until you know where I am to settle in Paris.

Yesterday we went to the Zoological Gardens. They have the largest and finest collection of animals in the world. The garden is also very beautiful. There was a good military band playing, and after we had walked all about we sat on the veranda and drank tea. Mrs. F——, Constant, and I went together. She is very kind to me—often as tender as tho I were hers instead of yours. It is nice to be here again, but I am restless, and anxious to get to work.

Always your

NELL.

50, RUE DU MONASTÈRE,
Brussels, *August 1.*

MY DEAR, *dear*, DEAREST :—

I came here to Madame Frère's on Monday, and found awaiting me your dear letter of July 9. It is too bad that you felt so lonely when you were writing. I can sympathize with that feeling, because I have often had it—the desolation of a lost dog! I suppose every one suffers so at times, but it is a dreadful sensation. Still, my dearest, you must not feel alone, because, as I always tell you, *you can count on me!* Tho I am far away, you are a part of all my thoughts—of all my inmost life.

It is very cold here, and I am half frozen all the time. Shall be glad to get to Paris, where, I hope, it will be warmer. I think I even prefer the heat of New York to this out-of-season cold.

I received here a notice from the New York post-office of a registered package. I could not imagine what it was, but your letter explains it is for my birthday. How kind and sweet of you, dearest, to send me the amber things! And how I shall love them and be proud to wear them! I am writing to the post-office to deliver package to Mr. C——, and I shall ask him to call for it and

forward to Paris when I am settled there. Miss M—— is not in New York now, or she would attend to it for me.

Thank Nonksie for his letter to me. I shall certainly follow his advice. Explain to him, please, that my reason for going to Paris instead of Vienna is, as I wrote you, that I may live with Miss M——. She does not like Vienna, and I can study as well in Paris as anywhere. Besides, it is a more cheerful city to live in. I did not like it last year, but that is not to say that Paris is not delightful. I saw it under the worst circumstances. This year I hope to get on better. Miss M—— can not come before October. I am very fond of her. I am surprised that when you wrote you had not received my letter acknowledging the receipt of your beautiful gift of the gold spoons, cake-knife, and the lovely silk lingerie made by your own hands. I love them all very much, and wrote as soon as I received them (the day before sailing).

Brussels is as beautiful as ever, or would be if the sun would show his smiling face!

Madame Frère gave me a motherly welcome. To-day it rains—rains. We were going for a drive, but I do not know now what we can do. The Art Gallery closes at 5 P.M.

I shall go to Paris next week. Thank Nonk-sie again for his dear letter, and assure him that I am going to do the very things he wishes, and that Providence is going to help me.

With very best love to each,

Your

NELLY.

BRUSSELS, *August 6.*

I have two letters of yours to answer, of the 17th and 22d—the latter received yesterday.

I am glad that you and Nonksie feel as I do about my attitude toward ———. He is a gentleman in every way. In fact, I never met any one so refined and delicate as he, and so thoughtful and kind; but he has gone through great troubles, and their shadow will, I fear, always be over him. I, who have had my share of sorrow and many a fight to keep my spirits up, need some one (if ever I need *any* one) full of hope and animation. I am very well off as it is. I am not now, as I was two years ago, a lonely, frightened creature, starting out alone in the world and shrinking almost from my own shadow, but a self-reliant woman, who commands respect and makes friends in every direction—friends, too, among the very best; and they always remain my friends. Mr. ——— is satisfied, or, at least, accepts my decision to remain as I am for some years and to develop myself—not only in piano-playing, but in every direction. I tell him I feel I never before had a chance to broaden out. In Wien I was too miserable and worried. Now I mean to see what is in me.

On the 13th I leave for Paris. There I shall present my letter of introduction to Mr. Toledo, who is, I am assured, prominent among musical artists there, and see what the prospects for good study are. I think I wrote you last week that Mr. Swain, with whom I intended to study, is not there any longer. Since then I have been hesitating whether or not to go to Vienna, where my good friend Scottie (Miss S——) is, but now I have decided to go first, anyway, to Paris. It will be but a trifle more by way of expense to do so, and then I can look about and remain if I think best. I prefer Paris on account of my French (which needs a good deal of polishing), but I am sure Miss M—— would go to Wien, if I were there, instead of to Paris.

Mr. V——, the artist of whom I wrote you, called yesterday, and introduced me to his father, who is also an artist (Professor at the Royal Academy of Belgium), and eighty-three years old. His mother is the same age. Mr. V——, senior, is a distinguished-looking man, straight as the proverbial arrow, and bright and jolly as a boy. He and his wife are soon to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary! They live in Edeghen, a province of Antwerp. To-day a big box of flowers came to me from their country

home—such wonderful roses, and so fragrant. The house is sweet with them. Was it not kind of the dear old people! Every one is good to me.

Mr. V——, the younger, is also a delightful man. As Mr. B——, another New York artist, said of him on the ship, “He has all the polish of a European and the solidity of an American.” He has lived fourteen years in the United States, and has quite a reputation in New York and in Paris as a portrait-painter. It is he who is to paint my portrait for the Salon, but not until next year, as he returns to New York next month.

I enclose a photo taken in the F——’s garden at a dinner they gave to their family doctor and his children. It is not good of any of us, the sun would shut our eyes; but it gives you an idea of the group, and allows a peep at the grounds, which are lovely.

This is a long letter, but never too long, I know, since you are always, as you say, searching every little corner and margin of my letters with an Oliverian cry for “more.”

Thank dear Nonksie for his sweet messages, and give him my love. With much for yourself,

Always yours,

NELL.

PARIS, *August* 14, 1902.

MY DEAREST :—

I arrived here yesterday at 6 P.M., and came at once to this boarding-house (Rue Lord Byron), as I had a card of introduction to the landlady. She seems a kindly disposed little woman, but the house and furniture are old. However, I have decided to remain here until I look about. I have unpacked my valises. The sight of my own familiar little things always comforts me. They are like loving, faithful little friends. And, after all, there is no place like home—like America, I mean. I am going to-day to present my letter to Mr. Toledo, and to learn how he promises to treat me. I think you know that he is the editor of a musical magazine, and at his house, so Mr. C—— says, one has a chance of meeting all the great musicians of the world. I shall make an effort to find Mr. Swain. Am going to the American Minister and Consul. They may be able to tell me.

Later.—I am back from my interview with Mr. Toledo. He was very kind. He recommends Moszkowski. He is a great artist as well as composer. Mr. Toledo says he will introduce me to all the great artists in the season. He



showed me the beautiful concert-hall in their store (they sell Æolian and Steinway pianos). The hall is already engaged for one hundred and fifty concerts, to which Mr. Toledo will perhaps give me tickets. Mr. C—— thought he would. I told him I wished to live comfortably, but cheaply. He agreed with me that a select private family would suit me better than a boarding-house—at which there are always Americans and, consequently, high prices. Besides, I wish to hear only French. Mr. Toledo will get some addresses for me, and Saturday he will go about with me to see what we can find. With such prospects, I think I would better decide to remain here. I am *so* anxious to get settled and to work!

In this *pension* there are some interesting musical people—two opera-singers (gentlemen), and a lady singing-teacher from Boston.

I enclose some photos taken on the steamer between Vera Cruz and New York, and between New York and Antwerp. Continue for the present addressing my letters to Brussels. With very much love, and hoping all is well with you,

Your affectionate

NELL.

August 16.

I had a great experience yesterday. After *déjeuner* I decided to visit the Musée de Luxembourg, to see some of the paintings of which I have read so much. The landlady informed me that I must take the bus at the Étoile and transfer at the Palais Royal. I got safely to the latter place, and waited and waited for a bus saying "Luxembourg" on it. Finally, becoming discouraged, I went into the little bus-stand and made inquiries.

"Yes," the man informed me, "the Luxembourg bus passes this way."

He gave me a little ticket with a number on it. Again I waited. I read in vain the many signs on the passing buses. At last I went again to consult the man in the little house. He said :

"The bus has passed a dozen times. It does not say 'Luxembourg.' There it is now !"

I flew out as a yellow bus pulled up. I jumped on the steps and darted inside, determined not to be left. The conductor yelled at me, and came, screaming, inside, and tried to put me out by force. It seems I should have waited my turn. But I stuck to my position with true American spirit. By that time the attention of

every one in the bus was attracted to me, and some man observed that I held a transfer in my hand. He and all his family (Jews) began in loud tones to inform me that it was a matter of life and death that I give that transfer up to some inspector standing outside. As I did not understand, the Jew seized my ticket, tore out, and gave it away to somebody. At last we were off to the Musée! After much bumping around inside the bus, and many windings in and out streets, we arrived.

And I found the Musée closed, out of respect to the "Assumption of the Virgin!"

Your loving

NELL.

PARIS, *August 24.*

I fear that my letter this week is a little late. I intended to get it off for yesterday's steamer, but was not feeling well.

As I am not settled, I have no piano, and, in consequence, plenty of leisure, which I have employed in studying French. The people here in the house have been very good to me. Two American ladies are friends of a friend of mine in Mexico. They got up a little concert last night in the parlor in celebration of my birthday. Mr. Redzewski, a Russian opera-singer,* sang some big arias in a wonderful way. He is a great artist, first barytone in the Imperial Theater of St. Petersburg, and has received medals and decorations from the Czar and Czarina. His art seems to be all his life. He has been here in Paris three months, and during that time, they say in the house here, he has never been out a single evening. He studies and works all day. He takes a lesson each day with a great teacher here, and the other day he was kind enough to invite me to go with him to his lesson. It was a revelation to me! The master, La Salle, has a great name as artist and teacher, and I am sure he de-

* The "barytone" referred to in Introduction.

serves it. The lesson lasted over an hour, beginning with simple exercises, and ending with the big barytone arias in "Damon," an opera by Rubenstein, with which they open the season in St. Petersburg two weeks from now, Mr. Redzewski taking the part of Damon. He left this morning. Also last night a young American tenor, who has been four years studying here, and who is to make his *début* in New York this winter in grand opera, sang. (That sentence is quite German in construction.) I played all the accompaniments. I am going to move from here to-morrow. I found a tolerable room, with board, at eight francs a day (\$1.60). That price does not include light or heat. I wanted to get something cheaper, but could not in a clean and decent locality. I will not give you the new address until I have been there a week and know if I can remain or not.

I am full of fine resolves about what I am to accomplish. I shall work more with my head and less physically than I used at the piano—and in everything. I am also going to take singing lessons for a month or so with this great master, La Salle, until I see if it will be worth while for me to make the sacrifices it would be necessary for me to make in order to afford it. Fortunately

I have passed that period of life where I long to buy the pretty things I see in shop windows. There was a time when the beautiful things I could not have used to give me a fever. Now, for instance, since arriving in Europe I have not spent anything except for board and my trip from Brussels here (twenty-five francs). I shall take two French lessons a week (two francs a lesson), read only French books and newspapers, and talk as much as I can. I want to make a special study of French literature. I am told there are very good free lectures given on that subject.

I am satisfied now that I chose Paris instead of Vienna. I believe I am in the right place. I am by nature and habit slow and heavy in thought and speech—always looking at everything too seriously. Here one breathes a lighter, gayer atmosphere, and the beauty and art surrounding one in every direction makes one feel happy and more satisfied with life. It is a sweet thought that the spirit of man is the only real part, and it is the spirit which produces all works of art.

Paris is marvelously laid out. Take, for instance, the Champs-Élysées, which is a broad avenue a mile long. The whole distance is a gentle ascent, and at the top stands the great triumphal arch. One from the arch can look in

one direction straight down the Champs-Élysées and on to the big Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine used to be; straight beyond that is the Garden of the Tuilleries, and then another smaller arch, and there stands the palace of the Louvre! But the impressive part of all this is that it is in an open, straight line, and can all be seen in one glance. Another wonderful vista is looking down the broad Avenue de l'Opéra, at the end of which stands the Grand Opéra House, probably the most beautiful building in the world. Then, all about, everywhere, one sees beautiful statues, fountains—works of art of every description. I will send you some photos, which will, however, only give you a faint idea of it all.

Mr. V—— is to be in Paris some time this week, and he has invited me to go with him and a small party of his “intimates” to Fontainebleau, where Rousseau and Millet and many great painters used to live.

I enclose a letter from Miss H——. She is a delightful child. The story which she speaks of writing is of a little boy who was always dreaming beautiful things. One day he, with great labor, climbed upon the wall which surrounded his house. In the distance he saw a white and marvelously shining city. He longed so to reach it.

He tried to go, but fell, and every time he tried he fell again, until at last he knew he must learn to fly before he could reach it. This is as far as she had written when she told me of it on the steamer. It is symbolic of the struggles one has in becoming an artist. The spirit must first learn to spread its wings.

This is a rainy Sunday afternoon, and I would like to write on and on to you, and if to you, of course to Nonksie, but this letter is far too long already, I fear.

With a thousand tender thoughts and a solicitude that never ceases, I am always

Lovingly yours,

NELL.

P.S.—I expect to lead a quiet, simple life, as I have always done. I shall work hard over my piano and try to get on in French. These last few days I have practised well. I have also been memorizing some music according to the way taught in Vienna—that is, away from the piano. I find it works very well. Yesterday I memorized two pages in about an hour, and this evening another page in a few minutes. In Vienna I could not do it at all. It requires a calm and collected mind.

N.

NO. 11, AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE,

Paris, *September 1*, 1902.

MY DEAREST:—

I wrote you a week ago, and since then have had no word from you. I moved to this boarding-house a week ago to-morrow. I have had the misfortune to lose my keys—five of them. I can not imagine how it happened. Some of the ladies in the house lent me their keys, with which I got into one trunk and one valise. It is very annoying.

I expect Miss M—— next month, tho she writes she may be delayed a little longer. I have given up the idea of renting an apartment and just we two having our own little home, as we have planned to have, for I find it will be far more expensive than living in a *pension*. I shall remain here, I think. I have a comfortable room with a couch in it, instead of a bed, and a screen in front of the wash-stand. I have put my drapes about, and my little pretty things here and there, so it looks quite homelike. I pay eight francs a day, and that does not include light or heat. The table is not anything extra, and the street is intolerably noisy.

Since I came here I have been out one evening with Mr. G——, the tall man in the group I sent you from the ship, and his mother and sister. We went to several Boulevard cafés and watched the crowds—every phase of human life, from the rich society people to the crooked old man with a stick with bent pins in the end of it, who came about reaching under tables for stumps of cigars. Then there were several street performers, acrobats, etc. Later we went to the Jardin Paris. It is a garden where a band plays. At one side is a stage where a variety performance is given while people promenade around the garden. The place is full of demi-mondaines. I never saw so many beautiful women and lovely gowns. Some of them danced the cancan, which is simply a vulgar display of tights. It is a place, you understand, where all Americans and tourists go; it is one of the sights. We stayed about half an hour, which was quite too long, and I certainly shall never go again. Things of that sort make me sick of life.

* * * * *

This is our dear, dear tryst-day! For eleven years now we have set it apart from all other days as sacred to each other—have we not, my dearest?

—and I think that even in Paradise I should feel sad if I could not write to you on the 1st of every month.

To-morrow we go to Fontainebleau.

Will tell you all about it afterward.

NELLY.

No. 11, AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE,
Paris, *September 7, 1902.*

DEAREST:—

Your long and loving letter of the 15th reached me a few days ago. *How dear it is!*

This last week I have been very gay. As I wrote you was our intention, we went on Monday to Barbizon, a quaint little town with only one street running through it, and into the great and beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. This town is where Millet and Rousseau and many great artists worked and lived. Mr. V—— used also to live there, but everything is changed since then. The artists are gone away, because too many city folk came there, destroying the quiet so essential to best work.

We drove through the forest to Fontainebleau, where we went through the Palais. There is no use trying to describe it, because it is indescribable—room after room of the rarest and most sumptuous furniture the world has ever seen, and all full of historical reminiscences. We saw the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication; the room where Josephine's sentence of divorce was passed; the apartment where Louis XIII. was born; the chapel where Louis XX. was married, etc.—all

doubly interesting to me because, in the dear sweet evenings long ago (if we "count time by heart-throbs") Nonksie used to read and talk to us of all those epochs of history. And Nonksie knew just how to put things so we could never forget. He was my Encyclopedia (give that book a good hug for me right here, and one hundred loving kisses!).

But to resume. Tuesday we went, by boat, down the Seine to St. Cloud. The gardens there are splendid, and the view over Paris magnificent. The Palais was destroyed in 1870 by the Germans.

Thursday afternoon I went to the Luxembourg Museum. I enjoy it more than the Louvre because the paintings are modern, and I can understand them better. The best works of living painters are in the Luxembourg. After the death of an artist his pictures go to the Louvre. At the gallery I met Mr. R——, a New York lawyer who came over on my ship. He knows Mr. P—— and Mr. C——. He was pleased to see me, and invited me to go to Versailles with him on Sunday (yesterday) afternoon on the four-in-hand coach from his hotel. There were six of us in his party, and we left at 11 A.M.

The drive was ideal. Up the Champs-Élysées,

through the Bois de Boulogne, and on through charming little towns and the lovely country, reaching Versailles at one o'clock. Our guide took us first to the Grand Trianon. It is a one-story building, horseshoe shaped, and of pink marble. It was built by Louis XIV. for his mistress, Madame Maintenant; afterward it was occupied by Madame Antoinette, and, later, by Napoleon. The rooms and furniture are beautiful and interesting.

After dinner the guide took us through the Palace—or, at least, through some of the rooms. There is no furniture, but only paintings. I intend to go often, since one can learn there, in a vivid way, the history of France, as many paintings are of battles and different historical scenes, kings, queens, etc.

We saw the secret door by which Marie Antoinette escaped when that awful mob came out from Paris. At four o'clock the fountains in the garden all began to play. They play once a month in summer. There are one hundred and fifty of them, and it costs ten thousand francs to play them an hour! Immense crowds always come to see them. It was a beautiful sight.

We left at five o'clock. The drive home—a different route—was delightful, and altogether the

day was one of the pleasantest of my life. Mr. R—— leaves to-day for London.

Mr. Toledo helped me choose a piano on Saturday. It is a very good one, and very cheap too, I think—fifteen francs per month. It has just come, and I intend now to begin serious work. I shall not be so gay any more, as all my friends are gone. To-morrow I begin French lessons.

I hear often from Mr. Redzewski, the Russian. He is greatly pleased and excited because he has sung with great success before the Opéra director and the Czar and Court, and because the government is going to give him money to travel and study for a year. He will be again in Paris by the end of the month.

This is a long letter, but I could go on for hours, I have so much to say. You will see by the enclosed what a dear girl Scottie is.

I am always lovingly,

NELLY.

PARIS, *September 14.*

MY DEAR, DEAR, DEAREST:—

I have just received your loving letter begun on my birthday and finished afterward. I thank you for the little remembrance, but, indeed, your love is, after all, the very best and sweetest gift you could send me.

I have begun my work, and have practised hard this last week. Have been memorizing music away from the piano, as they require in Vienna, and I am delighted to find *I can do it!* I learned, that way, two pages each day of Schumann's "Carnival." After one works in that way for some time the mind becomes trained, and one gets on rapidly.

I make it a point to go to see something beautiful every afternoon. That keeps me happy. I go often to the Louvre.

Mr. Redzewski, the Russian opera-singer, is coming back in two weeks. He is a big man of six feet, weighing 200, and is twenty-eight years old. His heart and character seem broad and poetic. I believe some people are created with a talent for feeling, as others are given the gift of speech, or color, or sound. I know, when I have heard him sing some of his big rôles, I have felt

myself in the presence of a giant spirit—a creature capable of unutterable feeling! I must be careful. Passionate men like that are dangerous. I do not mean that there is any danger of my losing my head over him or any one, but he might become desperate over me; for he seems to have fallen madly in love with me. I have received some very beautiful letters from him—always in French, as he knows nothing of English.

All my silly affairs are very little, I know, beside your great and increasingly overwhelming sorrow, but I know you like to hear all about me.

With very fond and sincere love,

I am always your

NELL.

September 22, 1902.

MY DEAREST :—

It seems to me that the weeks come around too quickly. This last week I have not done anything in particular. I have practised a good deal, been twice to the Louvre to look at pictures, lounged around, and read books on art.

I have your loving tryst-letter, and by this time you have mine. I am sorry you are to lose Mori. He has been with you for so many years—always faithful, and *so* good to darling Nonksie! But you will do the best you can, and the Providence that is taking care of me will surely help my dearest.

Mr. Redzewski, the Russian, is coming the end of the week. In a way, I am sorry he is to be in Paris this winter. I can see by his letters that he intends to take up as much of my time as possible. I shall take a firm stand, and keep him at a distance. I wrote him that I am here to study seriously, and that I shall be unable to see him, or any one, often. I shall tell the servants that I am not at home to him. Once in a while I may go out with him, for, between you and me, dearest, I feel afraid to offend him seriously. He wanted to come to live in the same *pension* with

me. I wrote him if he did it would be against my wishes, and if he came (I have an idea that he thinks a woman's wishes are of no account) that he would put me to the trouble of moving out.

I think I am sufficiently up in my practise to begin my lessons next week. I do hope Moszkowski will like me and be kind to me. I believe that he will, because he will see that I am in earnest. My technique is improving all the time, and I feel well and strong. I am determined to succeed.

With all kinds of best wishes,

Your loving

NELL.

NO. 11, AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE,
Paris, *October 1, 1902.*

DEAREST :—

We are having the most awful weather, rainy and cold, and I have just contracted my first winter cold, which makes me feel miserable indeed. My room is chill and dreary. It faces the north. Had I known it before I came, I would never have taken it. The landlady assured me it was a warm room, and that it had the sun in the afternoons. As a matter of fact, when the sun shines, which is not often at this season of the year, it just comes in three-eighths of an inch and stays four minutes. If it were not such a terrible trouble, I should certainly try to find something more satisfactory. The question of heating is going to be a great problem. I thought of getting a little petroleum-stove, but petroleum is absurdly dear. There is a tax on it when it enters the city, and it is two francs (forty cents) a gallon. To-day I have had them make a coal fire in my grate, but it does not seem to give out any heat, and they ask thirty cents for a small bucket of coal. I shall go to consult Mr. T—— about it; he always seems to know the best thing to do. One has not many comforts or conveniences over

here. For instance, one does not find any bureau in a furnished room. There are two wardrobes, one with hooks and one with shelves. I keep my steamer trunk under the large table and my hat-boxes under the small tea-table. In spite of the million and one things in it, my room looks quite "Americanish!"

I had quite a satisfactory letter from Mr. B—— a few days ago. He thinks—now that my property is entirely by itself, as to electric lights and water service—that he will have no more trouble, and that expenses will be small.

* * * * *

Of course, all Paris is much excited over Zola's peculiar death. Some people think it was suicide, but it was really a choked-up chimney, which allowed his room to fill with gas.

My fire will not burn, and I feel so stupid from my cold that I will not try to write more to-day.

With much love, as usual,

Yours,

NELL.

October 10, 1902.

MY DEAREST:—

I wrote you a week ago, but I believe it was not much of a letter, I was feeling so ill from a cold. Now I am all over it, the weather has turned warm, and life seems worth living again! Yes, I know what you will ask, so I answer now: Yes, *I am!* and good *American* ones, too! Kiss me, now, because I am reformed.

The Russian arrived, and his card came up to me almost immediately; but he has been very well-behaved. We have been once to the theater; but I do not like to be bothered to go about, especially when I want to be working.

Madame G—— and I were last night talking over the music and plot of an opera called “Louise.” The leading part is taken by an American girl, a Miss Garden. She is a very good artist. The opera depicts life here in Paris in a quarter called Montmartre, where working people and artists live. I asked Madame G—— why, when the artist sincerely loved the girl, he did not marry her? She assured me that it is not the custom here among artists to marry. They “fall in love” with a girl, and live with her, and are faithful to her for years and years,

and often for a lifetime, but marriage is never thought of. And the strange part (to me, as an American) is, that the couples living in that way are sometimes respected.

Well, give me "The Land of the Free" (in a loftier sense) and the "Home of the Brave" forever!

* * * * *

Yes, I am sure Scottie loves me, and I love her, too, dearly. We were always together during the nine months I was in Vienna, and we never had a moment's friction or anything approaching it. We were always happy together.

Tell Nonksie that I will not disappoint him.

I have played for Moszkowski! He has such a great reputation that I expected to see a big man; but he is a wisp-of-a-man, with faded, straw-colored hair. He was very kind. He said I had a good touch, but he judged I had not played very much Bach. (It is true!)

Oh, to think I must now wear my soul out over Bach fugues when I want to be playing Chopin! He told me to prepare a Tocatto, by Czerney, and the 5th Bach fugue for my Tuesday's lesson. The Tocatto is an *awful* thing—thirds and sixths in the right hand, with trills and octaves in the left. I am working like ten little Austrian dogs,

and I try to keep as resigned a smile on my face as they always wear, no matter how heavy their load ; but I will admit, just to Dearest, that I find it rather hard sometimes, and no doubt my forehead gets into many a pucker, such as she used to smoothe away with the kisses I long for now.

I wish I could write you in short-hand—I have so much to say. But I must get to work. And I am prepared to work now as never before. In Vienna my poor old brain used often to be in a fog. Now it is not exactly scintillating, but it will wake up once in a while and condescend to learn a few notes of music. You know, I study all my music away from the piano. I look well at the notes, then shut my eyes and say them aloud. Then I think them several times. Then I go and play them. One learns quickly in that way. As Leschetiszki used to say: “Three-fourths of the technique is in the brain, and only one-fourth in the fingers.” I begin now to see that that is literally true.

Miss M—— is to arrive at the end of this month. I do not know if she will come here, or if I shall go somewhere with her.

Lovingly,

NELL.

PARIS, *October 18, 1902.*

I am quite ready to cry! I was sitting here thinking of you and Nonksie and saying to myself, "The 2d of next month is Dearest's birthday," when suddenly it flashed over me "This is October!" I felt as if I had been shot.

For months I have been thinking of your birthday, and planning to send you something lovely—with a fat letter for that special occasion. Oh, dear! I do feel so bad! But my dearest loves me, and she will forgive me because she knows I love *her* AWFULLY hard. Just to think, I wrote you on your birthday and never realized what day it was! I have been thinking of it so long, too, and always kept saying, "It is a long time yet." And when the day was here I never knew it! Oh, oh, dear! Please accept a million kisses with my very, very dearest love and congratulations, and believe me

Your sorry little girl,

NELLY.

I enclose a little kerchief.

PARIS, *October* 19, 1902.

I sent you a teary little letter yesterday.

I have been working very hard this last week. On Tuesday I had my lesson with Moszkowski. He was very kind and gentle. I am sure I shall make rapid progress under his influence. It is inspiration. The people here in the house declare that I practise ten hours a day, but I do not. If I do not succeed it shall not be for lack of trying. But I am sure to succeed. It is the only thing I really desire in the world.

I have been studying the history of France of the nineteenth century. I bought a history in French, on purpose, the other day. It is good practise, outside of the information acquired.

There is a young Englishman living here in the house—an Oxford man, and extremely clever, but with the weirdest ideas. He really says extraordinary things in a most extraordinary way. He is familiar with all the great writers and historians, and has a thousand illustrations to prove any ridiculous theory he starts in on. He is much too clever for me. For instance, at table last night he said: "A state of nothingness is the ideal condition. The Narcissus, hanging over the

turbulent current in which it is reflected, leads an ideal existence."

"Oh, now!" I said. "In the first place, a 'turbulent torrent' does not reflect; and, in the second, if the Narcissus is happy because it is reflected, it reveals a spirit of vanity which is not a condition of emptiness."

He answered: "I said 'turbulent torrent' because I wished to convey the idea of not one but a thousand impressions of the Narcissus buried in the bosom of the water, caressingly cherished, and carried by the flowing river far, far out to sea."

"But," I said, "a reflection endures but in the presence of the image reflected."

"Ah! How do we know that? I hold that an image endures, like a thought, forever."

"But," I inquired, "was not Narcissus and the flower that bears his name in some way associated with a fountain rather than with a river? And what a vain, inglorious fellow he was, even tho the son of a god, to *die* for very love of *himself*! Oh!" Mr. Englishman laughed over my "Oh!"

'You are severe on poor Narcissus,' he reproved, mildly. "But to go back to the image that endures. It is well known that we of to-day see the light which emanated from the distant stars thousands of years ago. If man, in leaving

the earth, could travel fast enough, faster than light, he would look back and see the events of his past life, or lives, all in inverted order—first the punishment, then the crime, or sin, and, lastly, the temptation, which often, when known, excuses the crime. The French, you know, say: ‘*Savoir tout c’est tout pardonner.*’ ”

“I think we shall never travel fast enough to get ahead of our sins, whether in the body or out,” I said. “If that were possible, we might fly up to heaven and creep in before our graphs began to be on record there.”

Of course it is all nonsense, Dearest, but I thought you might like to know somewhat of the conversations we have sometimes. But Mr. Englishman is far too clever a man for me to cope with. He always, “by hook or by crook,” comes out ahead.

* * * * *

I was invited to go to the opera last night, but did not feel quite able to go and so sent regrets.

Mrs. F—— writes that she is planning to come to Paris for a little visit this winter. I do hope she will. She could stop in this same *pension*, and we could have a fine time going about to see the sights. I wrote her that she must tell her hus-

band that I will be her chaperon, and see that she does not get into any mischief!

The weather is perfect, and if she comes we are sure to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. Paris is indeed beautiful, and I love it for its artistic worth. It is only seven minutes by the Metropolitan from the Louvre.

Good-by, my two dears.

Fondly,

NELL.

October 22, 1902.

I had my second lesson with Moszkowski yesterday. He said I had worked well. I should say I had! If he knew how stupid I am he would appreciate the progress I make. He is a droll character. He smokes a pipe all through the lesson, seeming not to care if it makes me ill or not. And he has cages of birds all about the room that, when loud passages are played, set up an awful chatter. I suppose the little singers think that I come there—at a slight cost to myself of twenty-five francs an hour—just for the purpose of entertaining them! What vain little men and women they will make some day!

Yes, dearest, I too feel that the appreciation and achievement of art is God's great gift to man. It is His finger pointing the way toward perfectness and heaven. It is His sweet and holy balm for a bruised and wounded spirit. But they who truly *love* become as gods. They no longer walk enchained to earth, but soar to realms of sweet, enchanting mysteries. A great passion, *because* of its greatness, *must* be pure. What is purer than a great fire? It burns without smoke. A

little fire sends up clouds of black, soiling all within its range. There shall be no such in my life. And still I think that the only enduring part of love is friendship and companionship.

Lovingly,

NELL.

AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE, No. 11,
Paris, October 28.

MY DEAREST :—

My letter is several days late, and I am sorry. I have intended to write from day to day, but every day is a race with me from morning until night. I feel so much the responsibility of having lessons with a great man like Moszkowski that I work, and work, and *work!* In fact, evidently I have sat too long at the piano, for I have been suffering this last week with that old pain in my back, and it is very discouraging. I see that I must be cautious or I shall be down, as I was in Vienna. I had my lesson yesterday. Moszkowski was pleased with me; he said I had made great progress. This week I have a long and difficult thing, by Mendelssohn, to learn. I have also three French lessons a week. The master seems very good.

I do not know where, but I have lost my French grammar that used to be yours. I have always carried it about with me; had it in Mexico and in New York, I think, but when I unpacked my trunk here it was not in it. I miss it very much. It is the best grammar I ever saw. I must buy some other one.

I have only been out once this last week in the evening. Mr. T—— took me to the opera.

I have your dear letter of the 8th. Thanks for the clipping about Mrs. C——. I also always thought that she was very sweet and charming.

I enclose a letter from Miss H——. Mr. B——, of whom she speaks, is the New York artist, who, with his wife, came over on the steamer with us. They are of the party of six in the photo I sent you. I have lately been studying a book by Van Dyck—"How to Judge a Picture." In it he mentions Mr. B—— as one of our best American artists.

Almost every afternoon I go down-town by the underground railroad—the Metropolitan. The stations, like everything in Paris, are artistic. They are of rough pale yellow glass, in the shape of a flattened dome. One goes down about twenty steps, and finds one's self in another world—long galleries leading in various directions to the different lines. All the walls and ceilings are in white glazed tiles lit up by hundreds of electric lights. The trains are made up of five or six long cars of the first and second class—first class, twenty-five centimes (five cents); second class, fifteen centimes. The force is electric, so there is no smoke, but for some reason

there is an awful noise. Along about six o'clock the crowd is terrible. The lines are not yet finished all over the city, but the company already pays its dividends.

The winter seems to have begun in earnest here. I have now a nice fire of coke in my grate. I arranged to pay two hundred and sixty francs a month, and that is to include heat and light, tho as far as light goes I have a miserable little lamp that gives about as much light as a candle. I will write again on the 1st.

With lots of love from

NELL.

AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE, NO. 11,
PARIS, *November 1.*

MY DEAREST:—

I wrote you a couple of days ago, but this is our dear tryst-day. I hope all is well with you.

As for me, I am in a rush, as usual. The days seem to *fly* by!

Tho I am well, I am not very strong, and, in order to stand the strain of hard work at the piano, I require a good deal of rest. I always get to bed by 9.30. I very seldom go out anywhere evenings, and no one comes to see me. Once in bed, undressed, I feel somewhat rested, and often read until after eleven. I read a French daily paper and some French book. I read French easily enough now to find pleasure in it. It is no longer a task. I get up at eight; take a sponge bath; the maid brings in on a tray a little pot of coffee, another of hot milk, a piece of bread-and-butter. That is the custom here, and it is the only breakfast one gets. It is invariably served in the bedroom. I get at the piano at nine, and before *déjeuner*—twelve o'clock—I get in two good hours of practise and also study my French lesson. After luncheon I take my half-hour's siesta, practise another hour, then go out for a walk. Every

other day I have a French lesson at four. I get home in time to practise another hour before dinner, at seven o'clock. One day is just like the other, excepting some days I do good work and on other days my brain seems all in a fog ! But, pegging along that way, I seem to get on. You see, it does not leave me much time for anything outside. Lots of little things I have wanted to do for a month now, and I never find a moment. I make it a rule to neglect anything and everybody before my piano.

I will write soon again.

Accept lots of love for each of you from

NELL.

NO. 11, AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE,
November 7, 1902.

MY DEAREST:—

You know that always news from you gives me the greatest pleasure. Your dear letter of the 20th arrived yesterday, just as I was starting to the matinée. They gave "*Les Huguenots*," but I did not enjoy it. I would rather have spent the hours at the Louvre, where I always go for meditation and strength. The *pictures* never disappoint me! I am beginning to understand, and to interpret, somewhat, the meaning behind the tint.

* * * * *

My French teacher is really very good. For every lesson I have to write a little essay, making use of the different modes of the verbs. To-day I had to use the *Imparfait* and the *Subjunctif*. Just for fun, I enclose my exercise as corrected by my teacher.

Next matinée I am going to the Odéon, where Tolstoy's "*Resurrection*" is to be given. I have read the book, but to see the play will be a deep tho sad enjoyment. It is a profound psychological study. It is the story of a pure and sweet young girl's perversion through a young officer,

who, later, sees the awful result of his sin. He renounces all (his family, his fiancée, his comfort) to follow, in exile to Siberia, this poor wretch—not because he loves her, but because of his conscience, and to do his duty as he sees it.

After many discouragements, he saves her, spiritually. It is full of noble sentiments, and is said to be splendidly played.

Miss M—— is still in New York, detained by matters of importance in a business way; but she will soon be here now, and we shall be ever so happy together. I am fond of her. Sometimes I am very lonely.

* * * * *

Good-night, my dearest. Every night, before I fall asleep, I say a little prayer for you and darling Nonksie. I think I sleep better because of it, but always I am thinking of you and of your great sorrow, beside which my own seems infinitesimal. Never mind, my dears! After a time we shall be together again, and, meanwhile, Providence is taking care of us.

Good-night. With very loving kisses for you both, I remain

Your affectionate

NELL.

November 9.

This last week I have been out one evening. It was to the opening of the new Æolian concert-hall, in the rear of Mr. T——'s store. It was an invitation affair. Mr. T—— gave me permission to bring a friend with me, so I asked a lady here in the house. We enjoyed it much. There were scores of celebrities there, and many beautifully gowned women. The hall is the prettiest I have seen. Refreshments of sandwiches, cakes, coffee, and champagne followed the program, which was interesting. . . .

Yesterday I went to the Colonne orchestral concert. It began at 2.15 and did not finish until 5.30—and without intermission. The theater was packed, and it was hot and stuffy. I was very tired before it was over, and last night I could not sleep at all. Every little noise went through my body like an electric shock, and caused the greatest pain.

This last week I have made some new laws for myself. One is, not to get up in the morning until I feel like it. Another is to allow myself some amusements. Until now I have not allowed myself to go to the theater or anywhere evenings, always saving my strength for work, work, work.

I wore myself completely out, and at last was unable to accomplish anything. I felt stupid and distressed. As we say, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I am too intense and serious.

Recently I have read "Manon Lescaut" in French. It is beautifully written, but I think Abbé Prévost, the author, is wrong in thinking to reform his readers by revealing the misery of vice. I think that preaching against an evil never did any particular good. I believe the way to reform people is by showing the beauty of goodness.

A loving kiss from your

NELL.

AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE, NO. 11,
Paris, November 17, 1902.

MY DEAREST :—

Your tryst-letter came yesterday. I was beginning to worry about you, as I had not heard for almost two weeks. And it seems there were plenty of reasons for my feeling uneasy. Poor Nonksie and poor you! It is certainly terrible. But let us hope for the best, my dearest, and that will help to bring it to us.

This last week has been a very dark one for me. It began by my being horribly depressed—not personally, but for all mankind. All our efforts, our endless striving, seemed so petty and vain. I came to doubt even the existence of a soul—an immortal spirit in man. Doubting that, everything in life, for me, was worse than useless. I spent two days in a dreadful torment of doubt, until I realized that my own salvation lay in an *absolute faith in our immortality*. I went to the Louvre, and, little by little, I found consolation before the great and inspired paintings to be found there. All my doubts (or, were they but shadows of doubts?) flew away and lost themselves, as mists in the light of the sunrise. All this may seem extraordinary to you, and quite

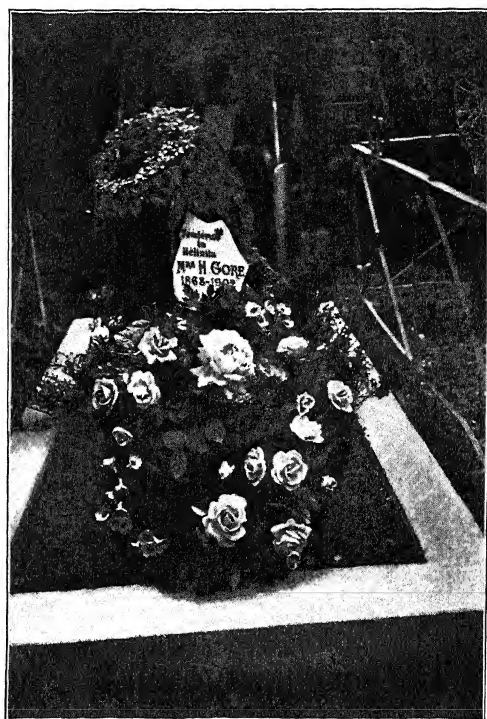
foolish and unnatural, but I can assure you it has been very real and painful to me, and has, I feel, marked an epoch in my life. It is the first time I was ever so troubled, and, I believe, it was all the fault of our clever Englishman, whose doctrines are most depressing. How often I have cried for *you*! You see, I need you, Dearest.

Perhaps your prediction of an utter collapse for me from overwork came true.

* * * * *

Mexican money keeps going lower and lower. A dollar is now worth only two francs instead of five, as it should be. My living, lessons, piano rent, car fare, and *et ceteras*—including what little recreation I feel I must have—take my entire income. I have had nothing new by way of clothes since I was in Vienna. However, I am satisfied. I believe the expression in one's face, and what one has in one's head, is of more importance than anything else. But I often feel, Dearest, that after a few months of hard work, lessons and concerts, that it will be the best and wisest thing for you and for me that I return to Mexico to remain. I could then administer my own property, and, living at small expense, be quite independent, and able to be with you often.

I have been feeling a little discouraged about



my music, and I had a talk with Moszowski about it. He is satisfied with me and encourages me, but I am disappointed in myself—physically and mentally. Physically I am not so strong as I supposed. The piano work exhausts me, and often brings on that old pain in my back. Then I get big, dark rings under my eyes, and feel utterly weary of life. Mentally I lack in concentration, and my nerves are not steady enough.

Oh, the great art of piano-playing is so difficult that one who does not study it (I do not mean ordinary piano-playing) can have no conception of what it means! It means an absolute mastery of one's self. It means broad thoughts, charity toward all mankind, a firm faith in one's own divinity; and all expressed with absolute accuracy, and with the exquisite shadings one sees on the canvas of the great old masters.

I suppose I demand too much, all of a sudden, of myself.

Good-by, my dear.

With all tender and affectionate good wishes,

Your

NELL.

APPENDIX
PIANO EXERCISES

PIANO EXERCISES

[NOTE.—Whoever glances at the following exercises will be impressed with the truth of an assertion once made by Jan Kubelik, the famous violin virtuoso :

“Only those who *long intensely* to be great musicians ever become such. It must be something more than a mere desire. Many people say, ‘Oh, I should like to be a great musician.’ That is nothing. They will not amount to anything. But the man who is possessed with such a yearning that it hurts him, and haunts him, and keeps him awake nights, and makes him forget his meals—he will succeed.”

Only the “yearning” that “hurts” could impel one to follow faithfully these Leschetiszky exercises after one has already worked many years and attained supposed proficiency. Two months at these and at nothing else is the minimum time even the most advanced artists are required to work with an under teacher before Leschetiszky himself will give a lesson. Players already successful before the public and well-known, one and all, must knuckle down very literally to this

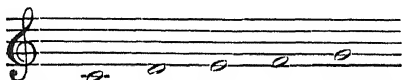
minute work before the master will receive them. But the majority must keep at it many months, and always shadowed by the uncertainty of ultimate success. This ever-recurring doubt would cause them to give up were it not for that perpetual "yearning" that "hurts."—M. W.]

EXERCISES GIVEN BY FRAU BRÉE *

FIRST EXERCISE

A. Five notes pressed down at once.

B. Play one finger at a time, holding the other four down.



Move wrist up and down, to see if it is loose.

C. Strike each finger five times legato, with round, full tone, and five times staccato.

SECOND EXERCISE



A. Holding the third, fourth, and fifth notes down.

B. Hold four notes down—all but the one being struck. Play each two notes many times.

THIRD EXERCISE



Hold all notes down but the one being played.

* See page 85.

FOURTH EXERCISE



Hold all notes down but the one being played.



Hold all notes down but the one being played.

Place the hands on the keyboard, three consecutive notes pressed down with first (thumb), second, and third fingers. This is for position. The first and second finger form almost a broken circle. The thumb must be bent, and placed on the key only to the root, or side, of the nail. First two fingers well curved. The knuckle-joints must be somewhat elevated, so that the space under the hand, to the keys, is deep. The fourth finger raised as high as possible, and well curved. The little finger must be only slightly curved. This is the correct position, and *very* important. Place the hands in this position many times a day—on a table, or anything—until it becomes natural to them.

FIFTH EXERCISE



(Third and fourth fingers raised very high and curved; fifth finger not quite so high.)



The fingers not playing raised high. These are what I call "props." Each finger has a prop before it plays. *Keep wrist flexible.*

After playing this *carefully* and slowly several times with each hand in turn, repeat the exercise again, and, instead of raising high the finger which is playing the note, place it *on* the key, and each time press quickly and firmly down to the full depth of the key and raise quickly to the level of the key. Do not play rapidly, but make the fingers move quickly. It is a good idea to count two while holding the note down, and while the finger rests on the key before pressing.

This is very important practise. The difference in touch in this exercise and the above is applied

in everything one plays—the first for brilliant work, and the latter for legato.

Next a slow trill with each two fingers in turn. (Practise with the left hand as much as the right hand, but never together.) In playing a trill with second and third fingers, or fourth and fifth fingers, place the thumb under the hand, not tightly but comfortably—just escaping the keys. This is a *great* help. Fingers not trilling held high and curved (except fifth).

Next play three notes, beginning with each finger in turn up to third finger.

Next play four notes, beginning with each finger in turn up to second finger.

Next play five notes, beginning with each finger in turn.

Play exercises with legato and staccato movement. When the thumb is not in use, place it under the hand

LESSONS GIVEN BY LESCHETISZKI

LESSON I

1st. Thumb and first finger pressed together, forming circle—joints out. Play up and down two octaves with stiff arm, moving arm and hand from key to key with slight jerk.

2d. Same position of fingers, but played from wrist, with arm held low. The hand drops on 1, and comes well back and remains motionless while counting 2—falling suddenly, sometimes *p.* and then *ff.* Play two octaves.

3d. Same, with short staccato.

4th. Place thumb and first finger as in 1st; in addition, place second finger firmly on first. Play as in 1st, 2d, and 3d.

5th. Same as 4th, with third finger joined also.

LESSON II

1st. Hand placed on five keys—knuckles out, thumb joints out. Three middle fingers in center of keys and on a line. Small finger on edge of key. All keys pressed down. Play one finger at a time. Count 1, 2. Raise finger to level of key (1, 2); press down (1, 2). Many times each finger, always sustaining arched position of hand.

2d. Five notes pressed down. Fingers only

clinging on to keys from below. Hand pressing woodwork toward thumb. Play as in 1st.

3d. Same as 2d, only with thumb bent in palm, supporting hand on woodwork.

LESSON III

1st. Arched position of hand, fingers only resting on top of keys, each finger over its key. Play as in Lesson II., 1st.

2d. Same as in Lesson II., 2d, only fingers resting on keys.

3d. Position on keys pressed down. Arm pressure, wrist pressure, finger pressure, and relaxation.

4th. Play each finger, alternating arm, wrist, and finger pressure ; also p. and f. with each pressure.

5th. Same as 3d. Using each pressure with flexible wrist, first high and then low.

6th. Play 4th with flexible wrist.

LESSON IV

1st Five keys pressed down. Raise each finger separately, slowly, and with great force ; lower in same way.

2d. "Props." Thumb pressed down, first finger resting on key, other fingers elevated ; play first

finger, counting 1, 2, with it pressed down ; then 1, 2, resting on key. Each finger in same way. The finger playing always rests on key ; the “prop” is pressed down. The thumb always remains *on* key when not a “prop.”

3*d*. Five keys pressed down. Raise each finger separately as high as possible, holding very quiet while counting 1, 2. Strike quick, firm blow, sometimes finger pressure, sometimes arm or wrist ; also *f.* and *p.* Count 1, 2, holding note down. Also raise and depress wrist.

4*th*. Same as 3*d*, using staccato blow.

LESSON V

1*st*. Chord practise. Notes, right hand, *F, G, B, D, F.* Thumb and first finger pressed together, forming circle ; third and fourth finger lying on side ; fifth finger straight, with knuckle-joint out. Notes pressed down, play one finger at a time, counting. Two fingers together. Use little finger for pivot. Raise free part of hand with great force. Lower slowly with force. Strike chord. Pass hand in same position, close to keys, to different octaves. Strike chord from arm raised from elbow ; raise high, maintaining position of fingers. Strike octaves with quick side-motion of arm.

2*d.* Rosenthal's exercise, middle finger (*E*) held down. Play

$$\begin{matrix} D & C \\ F & \text{and} & G \end{matrix}$$

with various accents, using different pressures and p. and f.

3*d.* Roll fingers, one at a time, in firm arched position on hard wood, slowly from side to side, also quickly.

Roll with force on top of nail.

4*th.* Exercise for stretching ligaments. Place thumb and finger together in circle; place 3*d* finger on top of first joint of 2*d* finger, 4*th* on 3*d*, and 5*th* on 4*th*; maintain position but an instant. Rest hand, palm up, and arm on table, fingers extended; move slowly, one finger at a time, first joint, then second joint, finally curving finger. Slowly put back again in same order. Use muscular force of arm.

5*th.* Same position. Bend all the fingers at once; when still curved, turn hand over in arched position.

6*th.* Roll fingers on hard wood from side to side and on nail to toughen them.

7*th.* Play as in 3*d*, striking each finger several times rapidly, 4*th* finger more especially.

LESSON VI

1st. Scale in blocks. All fingers resting on keys. Press thumb, count 1, 2 ; strike 2d and 3d together, counting 1 ; draw thumb over keys, counting 2. Strike thumb, still holding down 2d and 3d ; hold while counting 1 ; bring over quickly, after counting 2. Strike 2d, 3d, 4th fingers together, count 1 ; slide thumb on 2, etc.

2d. Same as 1st ; but, instead of pressing fingers down together, they are pressed one at a time and held down, while thumb is drawn under.

3d. All fingers resting on keys. Press down thumb, then 2d finger ; as soon as the 2d finger is struck, the thumb goes quickly under hand, close to keyboard, and remains resting on its key. Take hand over with side-arm motion when playing thumb.

4th. Thumb exercise. Second and 3d fingers pressed down ; play thumb on *C* and *F*.

5th. Second, 3d, 4th fingers held down. Play thumb as quickly as possible, keeping arm and hand quiet.

LESSON VII

1st. Prepared touch. Thumb resting on key ; other fingers elevated, well curved. Press thumb, and immediately let 2d finger fall to position on key. Press 2d, let 3d fall in same way. Press

3d, bring 4th down, letting 2d rise. Press 4th. Fifth finger strikes from above. Thumb always remains on key.

2d. Scale with prepared touch.

3d. Staccato thumb. Fingers pressed down. Raise thumb high, strike with sharp blow ; pass under hand, high from keys, strike staccato. Play back and forth with quiet hand.

4th. Forcible chords. Fingers over notes of chord press by sudden depression of wrist, recoiling quickly, as if with strong spring. When the thumb and 5th finger come on black key, the wrist rises instead of lowers.

LESSON VIII

1st. Brilliant touch. Thumb on keys, fingers raised and curved. Strike each finger with force, letting it recoil immediately to full height on striking next note. Play scale, keeping thumb *on* its key

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES

Either on the piano (wood) or on the keys press firmly with the end of the fingers, turning hand slowly on one side with arm pressure and then on the other. Repeat quickly, counting 3. Keep the fingers well curved, and throw out the elbow when the hand is turned in. Bend thumb on

point. Depress the wrist, with the fingers firmly on the keys; raise slowly, pressing the fingers flat to the first joint, then lower. Repeat, moving rapidly.

With the thumb pressed on the key, raise the wrist until the thumb stands on end; strike many times in this position. Do the same with the fifth finger, keeping the knuckle out well. Strike with force without bending joint, letting the thumb hang meanwhile. With the wrist depressed and the thumb and 5th finger pressed on the keys, raise until the fingers are straight. Depress slowly. Repeat quickly.

Fold thumb in palm; draw 2d, 3d, and 4th fingers down over it.

* * * * *

In playing chords, where an interval of a second or third comes between the thumb and 2d finger, the hand is turned. With greater intervals, it is straight. Move the hand an octave, and take chord without looking. Play same chord, struck from high arm, semi-staccato and staccato.

* * * * *

There are six kinds of touch:

1st. The very legato, for broken chords and the most rapid scale passages. Fingers rest on keys and merely press down.

2*d.* The legato, also for very rapid work. The fingers rest on keys until pressed to play, then rise.

3*d.* The legato, for slower passages. Thumb touches key after having pressed it. All the other fingers raised; but each in turn covers its key before pressing it, just as the preceding key plays. (Prepared touch.)

4*th.* All the fingers play from over, but remain on the keys after striking.

5*th.* Like 4*th.*, but the fingers rise immediately after playing, or as the next key plays. Thumb resting on key, raised and under hand. Called "half staccato."

6*th.* Short staccato. Finger rises immediately after striking the key with a blow.

Practise all touches with low wrist. Practise taking octaves with 2, 5, and 1, 2.

Raise and depress hand with great resistance, for strengthening wrist.

Play scale with the six touches in turn, slowly and forte.

LESSON IX

Exercise for passing the thumb under. Play *C, D, E, F*, thumb on *C*, and *F*. Practise *p.* and *f.* legato and half staccato in all rhythms, beginning on each tone in turn.

Practise same with 1, 2, 3, 4, 1; 1, 3, 2, 3; 2, 4, 3, 4; 3, 5, 4, 5; 5, 3, 4, 3, etc., and, when uneven, practise opposite the defect.

* * * * *

RAPID SCALE-WORK

Play 1, 2 fast, and 3 after a pause, letting it drop on the key first, also playing from above. Continue in the same way, taking a new tone each time, and playing legato and half legato.

Put the thumb under immediately, and play it after each end tone. Begin the new octave on the 4th finger, and, when completed, play two together. When practising the scale in groups, practise both with the hand in the scale position and straight.

Repeat the scale practise, descending with the hand in scale position, but the wrist raised and lowered in ascending (right hand).

Then play ascending and descending three and four octaves by contrasts—forte and piano, *cres.*, *dim.*

ARPEGGIO

Pressing firmly with the fingers on the keys and the hand very much turned on the side, play 1, 2, 3 separately and as a chord; take the next note with the thumb and play as a chord.

Thumb under, change fingers and slide to the next note of the arpeggio; change again, returning to first note, counting 1, 2, 3. Repeat playing the thumb in return. (The hand sinks when the 5th finger plays, and the thumb is under the hand if the first interval is a third. If a fourth, the hand is straight, and all the keys are held.)

Returning. Five and 3 play with the hand low; on 2 it rises and turns. Play the thumb and change fingers, taking the new note and back, as in ascending, but with the wrist raised.

In rapid work, do as in scales. On the black notes as well as the white—first up, then down, then both together.

LESSON X

CHROMATIC SCALE

One, 2 on *C* and *C*♯. One against the black note. Practise each separately and together in the six touches. Thumb near and raised. Same with thumb on *D*. Moving arm, play *C*♯, *D*♯ with 2 and 3.

With 2 on *C*♯ play *C*, and *D* with 1, without moving arm.

When 2d comes to a white note, play in the middle of the key, moving arm.

Holding 2 and 3 on white and black note, play thumb back and forth. Descending, raise the wrist, and let the 2d finger hang close to the keys while 3 plays, so as to be in readiness for its note. End with 3, 1, 2, 1.

TRILL

Preparatory exercise with all fingers down. Repeat each in turn as rapidly as possible without moving hand. Both with the hand up and pressed against the wood. Repeat the same with one finger for a prop and finally without support, the note being repeated in all rhythms.

Test the trill for evenness in time and tone, and correct by playing the opposite of the error, the loud piano and the slow quickly.

Play on white, black and white, and white and black.

Repeat with the following fingering: 1, 2, 2, 3, etc.; 1, 2, 1, 3; 1, 3, 2, 3, holding the thumb and 3d, and playing the other two staccato, legato, *p.*, and *f.*

Same with the other groups: 1, 2, 3, 4; 2, 4, 3, 5; also, 1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5.

*APPENDIX**LESSON XI*

OCTAVES

Fingers stiff, thumb and fifth curved for white notes, straight for octaves, on black keys. With the wrist and arm stiff, holding the thumb, play the 5th finger, first slowly, then rapidly, near the key.

Turn the hand as high as possible, holding the thumb. Same exercise, holding 5th finger and playing thumb. Then both together, near and from on high, half staccato and staccato.

Finally two, three notes, etc., until the octave.

For legato chromatic scales, with the wrist high. Hold the thumb, play the 4th and 5th.

Later, practise the same from the wrist.

Play right hand in bass for heavy action.

To help the ear, play a melody in different keys, using the 4th finger alone, so as to strengthen it.

THIRDS

Play each part alone, then together, fingers firm and wrist loose, moving it to avoid stiffness.

Legato thirds are an illusion. The secret of playing them is to keep the fingers firm and the wrist loose.

Turn the hand at the wrist without moving the arm to assist the fingers.

TECHNICAL EXERCISES

I

1. Hollow hand, sound thumb and forefinger pressed tightly together on thumb as a foundation. Stiff arm and wrist.

At one, strike key; two, slide, without raising more than necessary, to next key.

2. Wrist exercise, semi-staccato. Piano and forte. First on one key, then two octaves.

3. Short staccato. Rising and falling suddenly. Piano and forte. Fingers always pressed tightly together.

II

Repeat the same, with the middle finger pressing tightly against the forefinger, and perfectly even with it at the nail, but apart at other points. Other fingers arched and separate. It is most important that the knuckles should be firm as rocks and the muscles like iron.

III

Repeat the same, with three fingers pressed tightly together without slipping at the end, but otherwise apart. Little finger curved and higher. Arm always straight and level, wrist higher than keyboard, fingers curved high. Piano and forte.

Gymnastic exercises to be practised three times a day—morning, noon, and night. Curve the middle finger slowly and with great power, and then straighten in the same manner. Lay the hand, back down, on table, and repeat same exercise with the fingers and thumb together, being careful not to curve too far in.

Repeat with each finger.

Exercise for the forearm, wrist, and finger power, *forte-mezzo*, *forte*, and *piano* :

Press down the five keys with power from arm, keeping hollow-arched palm. Then press with power from wrist and fingers, returning to wrist and forearm.

Repeat the above, moving the wrist slowly up and down as far as possible—first, with forearm ; second, with wrist ; third, with finger power.

Slowly at first, repeat, moving wrist quickly.

Then go from first to second and from second to third at each wrist-motion, and from the third to relaxation. Rest the hand frequently. Always feel fresh.

LEGATO TOUCH

With the hand in the position just described—viz., knuckles out, thumb curved, fingers arched and separate, and in a straight line in the middle

of each key, the thumb pressed on the side and as far on the key as the root of the nail—raise and depress the fingers without leaving the keys, playing pp., p., and f. from arm, hand, and finger.

Later, do same with two, three, four, and five fingers. Drawing the fingers to the edge of keys, depress wrist and press the thumb side of hand (the outside free) tightly against the wood, keeping the joints arched as much as possible.

Repeat the above exercise.

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



124 883

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY